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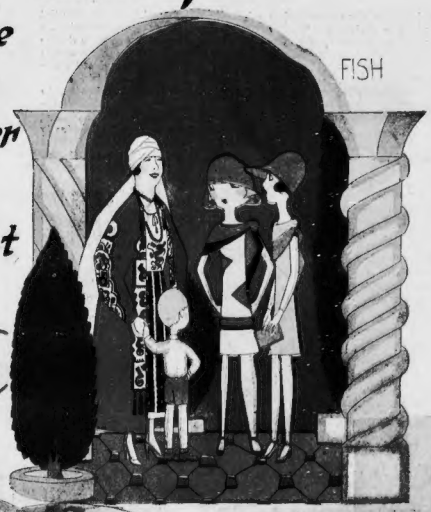
Petty-June Does Europe

Continuing the Diary of Her Adventures After College Days, by the Brilliant Satirist

Fish



1 IT'S terribly funny to be in the Balkans because they have no hot baths or chocolate fudge or electric lights or anything chic. Gwen is so dumb she thought Balkan is something a horse does and I had to tell her it is a lot of little countries sorta tied together. We stopped first at Bucharest so we could see Queen Marie, and the first thing we did was to get all dressed up in native Rumanian costumes, and everyone said we looked so darling and cute.

2 THEN the American Ambassador, whose secretary is a cousin of Gwen's uncle's mother-in-law, got us invited to the Summer Palace and Queen Marie asked us not to give her any publicity. But we had tea with her on the Palace terrace and met young Michael. It was the first time I ever held a King on my lap. But he soon squirmed off and I said perhaps he wasn't really a King yet. And he said, "Yes, and you haven't any lap either." Isn't he the cutest thing?

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3 AFTER we left the Palace we started back to the hotel by way of the famous Platz, where Prince Nicky was almost assassinated before the war when a bomb was thrown at him. And just as we stood rubbering around there there came a terrific explosion and I rose simply *millions* of miles in the air. I wondered who was trying to assassinate us and if it was because we were connected with royalty! I finally came down with a thump and it was simply a man-hole cover that'd exploded through gas pressure!

4 WE limped back to the hotel and found a card absolutely about three feet square inviting us to the Embassy Masquerade Ball. We wondered how we could go when we were so sore and whatnot. But Gwen for once had a brain wave and we went as two witches of Endor and everyone said we hobbled very realistically. But we ate too much, and today, Friday, we both had—I suppose I should say each—a terrible tummy ache.

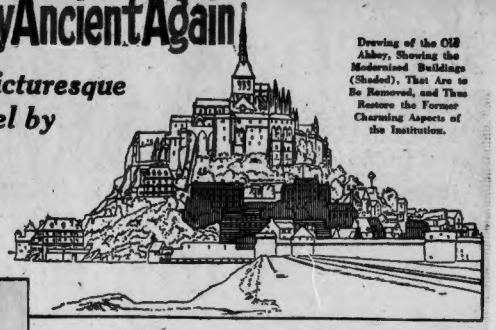
5 SATURDAY. Still tucked up in bed and feel as if we had appendicitis or hives or something. It may be hard to realize, but travel *is* so broadening.

(To Be Continued.)

To Make the Modernized Old Abbey Ancient Again

French Government Restoring Picturesque Charm of Mont St. Michel by Restricting Modern Encroachments

The Mont St. Michel Abbey With Its Slopes Covered With Houses, Some of Which the State Has Bought and Will Raze



Drawing of the Old Abbey, Showing the Modernized Buildings (Shaded), That Are to Be Removed, and Thus Restore the Former Charming Aspects of the Institution.

THE French Government has set about a curious task—that of making ancient again the famous old abbey of Mont St. Michel. When the government took over the beautiful old church and its buildings, an effort was made to repair some of the ancient structures, which were crumbling under the assaults of time and the elements. A tower was added to the church and many other changes were made.

When the work of reconstruction was over, it was found that the picturesque beauty of the place had been destroyed. The work of repairing was good enough from the point of view of practicality, but from an aesthetic point of view it was criticised as very bad. The new tower on the old church, in particular, was declared to be incongruous and out of keeping with the structure itself. Further, it was discovered that in compliance with private interests the government had permitted the construction of an unsightly dike at the foot of the cliff on whose summit the church stands. A great many ramshackle and ugly structures sprang up on the south side.

In short, the state, having discovered that it had not been very successful in its role of guardian of the old abbey, is now applying itself to the task of correcting its errors. For this purpose there has been formed an organization known as the Friends of Mont St. Michel. At the last meeting of this organization it was announced that enough money had been subscribed to start the work. Engineers have already begun to tear down the dike.

Moved to activity by the news that a private company was considering the construction of modern hotels close to the Abbey, the Societe des Beaux-Arts decided to buy up as much of the surrounding territory as possible.

It was decided that the best way to go about restoring to the church the original beauty of the setting, would be for the government to gradually get control of the most objectionable of the surrounding buildings and then raze some and revamp the others. Most of these purchases have been made and in about three years the work of reconstruction should be complete.

Near Mont St. Michel is a little building, close to the door of the rampart, which disfigures the line of the church walls and also of a neighboring tower. This building will soon be destroyed. Higher, and more to one side, a long structure shows up an ugly red; it too, will soon disappear. Towards the east, at about the same height, a high barrack-like affair displays a white facade which contrasts badly with the granite of which the church is built; it is condemned. Lower down, an old house will soon be hidden by ivy. The state has bought it to keep it from being replaced by a hotel. Besides these four buildings there is some other territory which will henceforth come under the classification of Historic Monuments.

The accompanying diagram shows that a large part of the ground around the church is now protected against the whimsies of modern contractors. However, much bad architecture still remains to be dealt with. Above all, the road around the rampart is to be rid of its inns and tea-rooms, which jar with the ancient atmosphere of the abbey.

The Huge Stairway Leading Up the Slope to the Abbey.

For the purchase of houses and ground the coffer of the Societe des Monuments Historiques has furnished the sum of 1,400,000 francs.

An innovation which has increased the beauty and picturesqueness of Mont St. Michel was a recent development.

In the midst of the choir appears a magnificent high-altar designed by Pierre Paquet and decorated with reliefs by Bouchard. It is here that the masses are celebrated on days of pilgrimage, and here also that last Summer the seventh centenary of the Miracle was commemorated.

There are several other historic spots throughout France which have suffered in much the same manner as the Mont St. Michel abbey. The effect is generally much the same, as though a sixteenth century chair were upholstered in modernistic batik. There are experts in the realm of art—sometimes less kindly described as fakers—who know how to take a new work of art and make it appear ancient. It is not the intent of the government to lend an assumed air of antiquity to buildings which are modern. The purpose is to keep the ancient structures looking just as they had been before attempts were made to modernize them and their backgrounds. The work of repairing old churches and landmarks, it has been pointed out, does not necessarily mean a sacrifice of beauty.

"The history of France," says one commentator, "is written in its ancient churches and other historic buildings. One would never think of framing an old master in a modern frame, yet many of our most cherished buildings are set in an atmosphere which is completely out of accord with their character. Tourists who come to France for just this are often apt to be disappointed by encountering food stands, petrol stations or other evidences of the machine age, in undue proximity to churches, abbeys and other places which have been standing for hundreds of years. It is a difficult idea for a government to conceive, and it will not be an easy policy to carry on, but it is the duty of the government, nevertheless, to follow the example of Mont St. Michel. It would be the proper thing to appoint a committee of men—all experts in historic and artistic matters rather than politicians—to see that France's historic places are not ruined by the inroads of the twentieth century.

"There are times when sentiment and tradition become more important than real estate. We must save, at any cost, the history of France as it is written in stone and wood in the ancient houses, churches and abbeys."

Millions of dollars are being spent annually to preserve historic spots and relics in various other parts of the world. Almost every day some famous landmark is revealed in a condition requiring repair. Recently it was found the dome of St. Paul's in Rome was cracked. The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a constant problem to the Italian authorities, as is the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris. In Egypt the famous Temple of Isis on the island of Philae is threatened with destruction because of flooding due to the Assuan Dam. The latest plan of the Egyptian authorities is to remove the temple and put it on some other site. The great Sphinx near Gisch is gradually being eaten away despite its huge bulk and solid construction. Sandstorms are the principal cause, and there is no way to ensure permanent protection. Of course, this has been a process of centuries, and the Sphinx may withstand the elements for many more centuries. But other landmarks are not so much proof against time and the elements.

Historic Golden Gate Doomed

THE famed Golden Gate, Constantinople's greatest historic treasure, seems doomed to destruction unless capital for repairs can be speedily found. For 1500 years the triumphal arch of the Byzantine emperors has stood at the entrance to the City of the Golden Horn. Recently English experts made an investigation and found that the gate was in a perilous condition. Immediate bolstering of the great columns and mighty blocks of marble is needed if posterity is to preserve this jewel of architecture and monument of history.

The Porte Aurea has been identified with the greatest periods in Turkish history. It served as a frame to the conquering Augustus. It had three archways, of which the center was the loftiest and widest. Statues and sculptured ornaments added to the splendors of which the only traces now to be seen are some remains of marble cornices, and, at the southwest angle of the northern tower, a Roman eagle with wings outspread. Of all the many works of art that went to decorate the Golden Gate no traces but those above mentioned can be found.

The gate itself was said to have been erected by Theodosius to celebrate his victory over a formidable rival. Nearly three centuries later another emperor, Heraclius, entered in triumph through this gateway, on his return from the Persian wars. One hundred years later Constantine Copronymus followed through the golden arches, after defeating the Bulgarians.

Then came Theophrius in the middle of the ninth century, to celebrate his victories over the Saracens.

The last of all the emperors to whom triumphal entry through the Golden Gate was accorded was Michael Paleologos, in 1261. And now, unless prompt action is taken, the gate is doomed.

The Famous Golden Gate, Constantinople's Most Precious Historic Treasure, Which Is Falling Down, and Appears to Be Doomed If Repairs Are Not Made Shortly.

Science Making Fight on Rust

RUST is the great enemy of metals, and for years scientists have been experimenting to find ways of combatting the evil. It was estimated recently by Sir Robert Hadfield, of England, probably the greatest steel expert in the world, that the annual loss owing to the corrosion of steel by rust was in excess of $2,500,000,000.

What the experts are aiming at, of course, is rust-proof metals. Until these are available, and experiments indicate they will be some day, the war against rust must proceed on its present lines, consisting chiefly of painting. Many people believe that painting with anti-corrosive paints will make metal structures last indefinitely. That is not always the case, as is proved by the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Three coats of a special mixture of red lead and linseed oil and a final coat of thick paint were given to every portion of the tower in 1889, and within two years rust was eating through that covering. Unless science finds a perfect anti-rust material, the tower is bound to rot away. A similar fight was made to keep a great bridge in England from rusting away. Thirty painters spent three years covering it with preservatives. Fifty tons of paint were used. By the time the job was done, it was found that rust was beginning to eat into the bridge at a point where the paint was oldest. The painting had to be done all over again. It was found that the only way to combat rust on the bridge, which has to support the weight of express trains thundering over it at sixty miles an hour, is to keep on painting it ceaselessly.

This runs into huge expense, of course, but it is the only way thus far discovered.

Women Motor and Airplane Police

THE introduction of women in the police forces of various nations created considerable comment some years ago. Today almost every police force in the world has its women members. In the United States there are thousands of policewomen. For the most part the duties of the policewomen are largely concerned with morals squads, but in many cases women have figured in more strenuous duties, such as murder and crimes cases.

In England the use of women operatives in Scotland Yard has been a feature of that celebrated police service for a great many years. Since the war, however, women have been admitted into constabularies all over the empire. In Gloucester, recently, the police department supplied their women members with motor cycles for patrol duty. Miss Elsie Gray, of Lydney, has the honor of being the first woman motorcycle cop in Great Britain.

A new development in police duties is the air patrol. Most of the European nations have them and they were introduced in various of the American States. Now a woman has joined the airplane police. She is Mrs. U. S. McQueen. Mrs. McQueen wears a badge which singles her out as the first woman air traffic cop in the world. Her beat is in the air around Beverly Hills, Cal. Complaints by numerous residents of Beverly Hills led to the passage of a city ordinance which specifies a minimum altitude of 1,600 feet, and prohibits stunt flying over the community. There have been several accidents as a result of this, due in large measure to the movie companies.

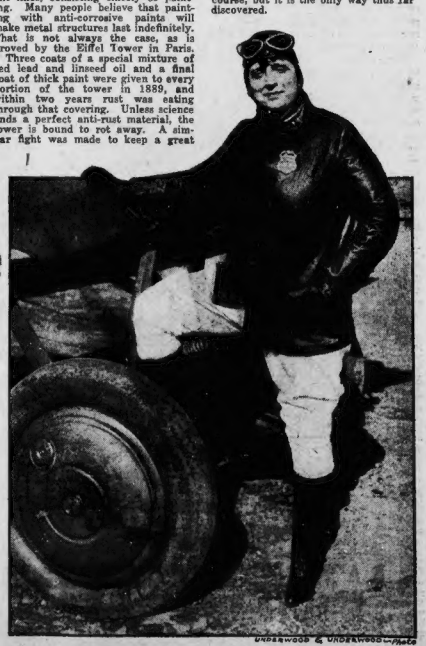
Mrs. McQueen's duties are to enforce the new ordinance. She is an accomplished flier and is president of the California Women's Aeronautical Association.

Incidentally, there is no doubt that the major police work of the next few years is bound to be done in the air. In the coast cities a fleet of airplanes is in constant service against smugglers. Within the past few years the modern bootleggers have used the airplane extensively in their traffic, and the police have had to adopt the airplane to pursue them.

The traffic problems, so perplexing on terra firma, have not yet spread to the skies, but it is only a matter of years before they will. The police will then be confronted with the job of keeping the air lanes patrolled, to watch after reckless plane-pilots, and to hand out tickets to aviators who break the air traffic rules.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CO. PHOTO

Miss Elsie Gray, of Lydney, the First Woman Motorcycle Cop in England.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Mrs. U. S. McQueen, of Los Angeles, the First Woman Airplane Police Officer to Be Appointed in America.

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Bitten On Her Mouth by a Swimming Copperhead Snake

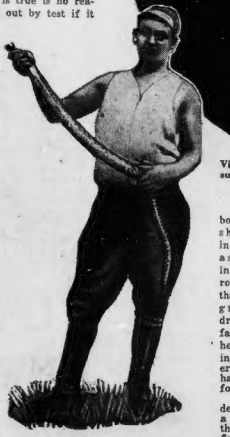
Little Dorothy Was Also Swimming in the Peaceful Lake When the Poisonous Reptile Popped Up Right in Front of Her, Struck Her and Chased Her and Sister Viola to Shore, Where Viola Heroically Sucked the Venom From the Bite

A Photograph of Dorothy and Viola Swimming in Lake Wallkill, Close to the Spot Where the Snake Bit Dorothy.

As Dorothy Was Swimming, Suddenly, to Her Astonishment and Terror, a Big Snake Appeared Wriggling Straight at Her, Its Mouth Open, Its Forked Red Tongue Flickering In and Out Like a Tiny Flame, and Its Fangs Gleaming—And Before the Little Girl Could Turn or Dive, It Had Sunk Those Deadly Fangs Into Her Lower Lip.

Viola Nilsson, Who Kept Between the Pursuing Snake and Her Younger Sister, Whom It Had Bitten, and Then Sucked the Poison From Her Lip.

Fifteen-Year-Old Dorothy Nilsson, Who Was Bitten by the Poisonous Copperhead Snake on the Mouth and Saved by Her Sister's Quick Action and Antivenin Serum.



The 30-Inch Swimming Copperhead After It Was Killed.

DOROTHY NILSSON, who is just fifteen years old, was swimming 100 feet out in the quiet and seemingly safe water of Wallkill Lake, near Sussex, New Jersey, when, to her astonishment and terror, a copperhead appeared right before her face, wriggling straight at her, its mouth open and forked red tongue flickering in and out like a tiny flame.

The girl did not know that it was a copperhead, almost as deadly as the rattler and whose sting is almost as surely fatal unless prompt and vigorous measures are taken.

But any snake is terrifying enough to a little girl, especially swimming in deep water where it had her at its mercy. Also Dorothy could see two white, needle-sharp fangs, sticking down from two lumps of cartilage in the top of its mouth. In those lumps were the poison sacs, full of liquid venom, ready to squirt through the hollow fangs, like a hypodermic needle, into her flesh if it struck—and it meant to strike.

Dorothy's hand was out in front of her face and the snake lunged at it. The girl immediately snatched it away. This was a mistake. It would have been better to have taken the poison into the system there where the circulation could have been shut off from the heart by a touniquet, instead of what did happen in the next moment.

Missing her hand, the copperhead made for her face. He was right on a level with it and there was no possible way of escape. She put up her hands to ward off the blow, but the copperhead did not want her hands now. There was something better. Here was a chance to sink his fangs into a human face, a thing he could never hope to do on land, for the copperhead is a land snake, though, like any other, a good swimmer when he chooses to be.

Quickly the venomous head darted around the girl's wrist and she felt a blow on the right side of her mouth and a sharp sting on her lower lip. Dorothy struck out blindly with both hands and screamed to her grown-up school-teacher sister, Viola, who was swimming near the shore:

"A snake is biting me."

Viola turned and looked. There was her little sister, with frightened face, swimming as fast as she could with the breast stroke. She could go much faster with the crawl stroke but that would bring her face lower in the water. And, sure enough, a few feet behind, followed the writhing shape of a large snake.

Viola swam out swiftly to divert the reptile's attention, and then kept between it and the younger girl. The snake did its best to overtake them, but their pace was too much for it.

Viola took Dorothy's hand away from the wound and saw that the lip had begun to swell. Also two purple spots could be seen around the twin punctures of the fangs. The school teacher knew little about snakes because, like most women, she hated them. But she had studied enough to have the scientific attitude that just because everyone says something is true is no reason for not finding out by test if it really is. Everybody was saying that the snake must be harmless, but she made up her mind to find out.

First she located the enemy who had come ashore and coiled up in the sun, next she got a Mrs. Moore to promise to watch it. Then she followed the others to the bungalow, where they had led Dorothy. The lip had swollen much more, in that short time, the angry purple area was spreading and white blisters were rising over the punctures.

"It throbs," said Dorothy. "Do you think it's all right?"

"Of course it's all right," answered the mother, "it must be all right. Don't tell me that snake is poisonous. It could not be."

There was an hysterical note in Mrs. Nilsson's voice and she began wringing her hands. Something told Viola that things were not all right. It was all very well to say that there could not be a poisonous snake in that water, but she had seen plenty of children with cuts, lacerations and punctures and none ever acted like that.

The school teacher felt the same panic as her mother, but panic is something people must not have. That is why they have fire drills for school children. So she said firmly:

"Mother, step outside a moment."

"What are you going to do?"

"Never mind! I'll attend to Sister."

Mrs. Nilsson went and Dorothy turned to Mr. Nilsson.

"Now, father, give me your knife. Open the little blade and hand me that box of matches," she commanded in the same tones as giving orders in the school room, and found that these scared, grown-up children obeyed. Her father wanted to help in the coming first-aid operation, but she had other plans for him.

"No," she ordered. "You get a stick and kill that snake. You'll find Mrs. Moore watching it."

"What for?" asked the parent.

Viola did not wish to answer that question, but the little victim herself spoke up:

"'Cause then we can get somebody that really knows to tell if it is poisonous or not, and if it is what kind of anti-something they ought to give me."

The father went out without a word.

"And 'phone for a doctor," his older daughter called after him. Mrs. Moore, true to her trust, was watching from a respectful distance, when Mr. Nilsson approached with a stout, straight stick, about six feet long. The snake raised its head angrily and shot out its forked tongue. But the father was angry, too, and with a vicious swing knocked the head down. A snake in open ground is easy enough to kill for an active man with a good stick, and after a dozen whacks it was done for. It was 30 inches long.

Meanwhile Viola was saving her sister's life.

Grasping the whole contents of the match box in one hand she let them all burn at once and in the flame sterilized the blade of her father's knife. Then she picked off the white blisters and cut a little cross-shaped incision at one of the punctures.

"Does it hurt much?" she asked.

"Nope!" said the little girl bravely, but there were tears in her eyes. Dorothy cut into the other puncture and then proceeded to suck the blood and as much of the poison out as she could from the puffed-up lip. But she could not get it all, as was evident enough, and besides much had already been carried into the circulation.

Mr. Nilsson, returning with the news that a doctor was on his way, but that it would be all right anyway, because he had found no rattles on the snake's tail, stopped aghast. Rattles or not, anyone could see that a poison was working fast. His daughter's lip not only stuck out, like a little shelf, but her chin and neck were beginning to swell.

At this moment Carl Becker, of Sussex, drove up in a big car, which Viola knew would go faster than theirs.

"We won't wait for the doctor," she decided. "Take us to the hospital."

Twenty minutes later Dorothy was tucked into a bed at the Alexander Linn Hospital in Sussex and Dr. E. P. Uptegrove prepared to administer an injection of Brazilian antivenin serum. Fortunately, some of the serum had been placed at the hospital only a week before. This was used and then Dr. Uptegrove, not thinking it enough, made a flying trip to a nearby town for a further supply.

Brazilian antivenin is a serum made by injecting horses with small doses of snake venom, the process continuing through a number of months until the animals have developed a high degree of immunity. Blood is then removed from them in small quantities and is put through a number of processes. The action of the serum, injected into a human victim who has been bitten by a dangerous snake, is to neutralize the poison of the reptile. Its effect is usually rapid if injected immediately after a bite or up to the time the victim has approached a condition of collapse. After that it is usually too late to be properly taken up by the circulation and thus neutralize the poison injected at the time of the bite.

The swelling from the bite on Dorothy's lip did not begin to diminish until the following night. By then her head and neck looked like a triangle sitting flat on her shoulders. The glands of her neck increased in size to such an extent that the lobes of her ears were pushed forward almost at right angles to the main part of the ear. She was at no time in great pain, however, as the venom seemed to exercise a numbing effect upon the glands.

Once the swelling had begun to subside it continued to do so rapidly. Next morning her face was practically its normal size again and she was beginning to enjoy the prominence her experience had brought her. A steady stream of visitors kept arriving at the hospital while she was there and people gathered on street corners to discuss the event. It was the most exciting thing that had happened in Sussex since the boys came home from the war.

Viola's forethought in having the snake killed made it possible for Mr. Ralph Space to come over from Beemerville, seven miles away, and identify it as a male copperhead. He is an expert employed by the State to wage war on dangerous reptiles and other harmful animals. As one does not get rich in that business, he also runs a garage, which he punishes dull and dangerous work. His heart is in the pleasant profession of catching rattlers, copperheads, water mocassins and other little pets who won't hurt anyone, provided he does not make any mistakes. He has captured as many as 57 rattlers in a single day.

Speaking of copperheads, Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of mammals and reptiles, in the N. Y. Zoological Society Bulletin, says: "In habits, it is very quiet, preferring to be perfectly still when an intruder enters its lair, and escape detection owing to its pattern and colors closely resembling the fallen leaves around it. Seldom will it make any attempt to strike, unless very definitely annoyed or attacked, or if it is stepped on. Most of the cases of copperhead bites which have come to our attention have resulted from the latter condition, and have related to persons wearing low shoes—many of the bites being on or near the ankle.

"If a copperhead fears it is about to be attacked it will impart a rapid vibrating movement to the tail, and if among dried leaves, produces a distinct, buzzing sound, readily heard for about fifteen feet. It will coil and fight bravely if cornered, but at the first opportunity, quickly turn and glide to safety in some crevice.

"Distribution is more extensive than with the rattlesnake, owing to protective coloration and more secretive habits. Copperheads are still found along the top and at the base of the Palisades of the Hudson, while the rattlesnake appears to have been exterminated from that area for close to 50 years. Throughout Pennsylvania and New Jersey the copperhead is rather generally distributed except in regions of intensive cultivation. There are various areas of New York State where the species has not been recorded. It is common from the latitude of northern Westchester County, well up the Hudson and past the easterly border of the Catskill area, also in counties to the west."

Dorothy owes the fact that she is not in the cemetery to two bits of good fortune; first that her sister did everything possible in the way of first aid, and secondly that she rushed her to a hospital where they were both skillful and prepared with antivenin serum.

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To Put a Stop to Husband and Wife Swapping

Mrs. Horace Reed and Her Children, Whom Her Husband Swapped to Otto Slade for Mrs. Slade, Throwing in a Garage to Boot.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Knight and (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rikansrud, Who Swapped Husbands and Wives.

Miss Sophia Ann Riley, Divorce Proctor of Kansas City.

Miss Martha V. McLendon, Miss Riley's Associate Proctor. They Have Been Appointed to Look Into Husband and Wife Swapping.

Mrs. Otto Slade and Children, Whom Mr. Slade Swapped for Mrs. Reed.

MORE than a dozen cases of husband and wife swapping have been brought into the courts of Missouri, Nebraska and the Dakotas in the past few months. Some of the marital trades have been done in a legal if not in a socially ethical manner, but the majority of them were decidedly not within the law and ended with some of the persons involved serving jail sentences for their unconventional behavior.

Missouri has decided to do something about this interchanging of mates and has appointed two young women lawyers to make a thorough and systematic study of the seemingly growing fad. These women are Miss Sophia Ann Riley and Miss Martha V. McLendon, and they have the title of divorce proctors.

It is their duty to check up on the details of divorce cases before they are brought before the judges of the Circuit Court of Missouri and thus to assist in presenting the cases so concisely and accurately that valuable time will be saved in hearing evidence and issuing verdicts.

Both Miss Riley and Miss McLendon are determined to dig deep into the underlying causes of the wave of wife swapping that is upsetting the equanimity of the Middle West, and to prevent, if possible, all such trades that are not made strictly by the prescribed by the statutes.

process laid down by the statutes. One of the cases that is moving the divorce proctors to do what they can to stop the exchanging of mates was that of two young couples living on adjacent farms in Minot, North Dakota. They were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Knight and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Rikansrud. The Knights had five children and the Rikansruds had two children.

Two years ago the Knights and the Rikansruds began visiting at each others' homes. Mrs. Knight cast admiring eyes at Mr. Rikansrud and Mrs. Rikansrud harbored a growing interest in Mr. Knight. The husbands also found much to think about in one another's wives.

Before long the four principals in the quadrangle frankly admitted their change of heart and amicably decided that they would solve the problems by swapping mates. The Knights were divorced and so were the Rikansruds. The women obtained their divorces together while their husbands waited outside the courthouse.

Immediately after the severing of their marriage bonds they drove to Melita, Canada, in the same automobile, and were remarried—Mrs. Knight to Mr. Rikansrud and Mrs. Rikansrud to Mr. Knight. When they returned home, one of the five Knight children went to live with their father and their new mother; the other four stayed with their mother and their new papa, who kept his two children. Responsibility was more evenly divided that way.

Another mate swapping case that did not turn out so well was tried at Bennett, Nebraska. Otto Slade and Horace Reed, the husbands, are serving ten-month jail sentences for attempting to shift spouses without going through due processes of law. Mr. Reed, admitting that Slade's wife was more comely than his, had agreed to throw in a garage to boot.

Neighbors of the Reeds and the Slades learned that the swap had been made and reported it to the authorities. The judge who tried the case imposed jail sentences on the husbands, sent the two Reed children to their grandparents and permitted Mrs. Slade to keep her two children.

A third case of exchanging mates happened in Bloomfield, Mo., when Curt Wallace and Odeus Cravens, farmers, agreed to trade mates, with the full and explicit approval of the mates. One of the Wallace children overheard the parley that was to have closed the deal and told Wallace's mother. The result was that each of the four people involved were sentenced to serve five months in the county jail.

Miss Riley and Miss McLendon, the Kansas City divorce proctors, do not intend that this man-and-wife bartering shall go on if they can help it, and with the full force of the courts behind them it seems that they should succeed in snuffing out as strange a practice as ever stirred the Middle West.

Iowa Picks Its Healthiest Boy and Girl

Kenneth Redfern, 17, of Yarmouth, Iowa, Picked as That State's Healthiest Boy.

THOUSANDS of Iowa folk recently gathered at their annual State fair to display the products of their fertile acres—towering stalks of corn, ponderous pumpkins, plump pigs, sleek cattle. They walked between long rows of pens noisy with blue-blooded poultry, stood about in interested groups to see the steers pull and cheered lustily at the trotting races.

But the event that interested them most was the picking of the healthiest boy and the healthiest girl among the hundreds of agricultural young bloods present—for Iowans are more concerned for the kind of sons and daughters they bring up on their farms than in anything else. They know that it is these youngsters who will carry on the tradition of the soil and keep Iowa on the agricultural map.

Boys and girls from all over the State were there to attend the annual meeting of the agricultural clubs, and each of the clubs was represented in the contest intended to single out the healthiest boy and the State's healthiest girl. Competition was keen and the board of judges, which included physicians, who tested the hearts, lungs, eyes and ears of the contestants, found their job a difficult one.

Eventually, however, they discovered two almost perfect specimens of young manhood and young womanhood—Kenneth Redfern, a 17-year-old resident of Yarmouth, and Hope Hadley, 16 years old, and a citizen of Eagle Grove. Kenneth was adjudged 98.7 per cent perfect, and he would have rated a perfect score had the judges not found that he had a small cavity in one tooth. Hope was only a little less below physical perfection with her score of 98 per cent. She, too, had a cavity in one tooth.

Young Redfern seems to deserve the distinction that has come to him, for he is a good-looking, upstanding son of the soil, well known about the State for his athletic ability. Last year he captained both the football and basketball teams of Yarmouth high school and was an outstanding performer in both these sports. He has never taken a drink and never smoked and has practiced the "early to bed, early to rise" philosophy.

Miss Hadley is also a product of clean, vigorous living, and ever since she began going to school has walked three miles five days a week to pursue her studies. It is probable that she and Kenneth Redfern will go to Chicago this Winter to seek national honors when the healthiest farm boy and girl of America will be selected.

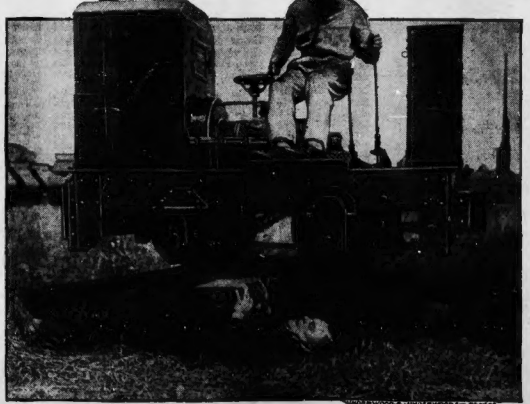
Hope Hadley, 16, of Eagle Grove, Iowa's Healthiest Girl.

Locomotive Runs Over Him Twice a Day

THE citizens of Berlin have flocked in thousands to a field on the outskirts of the city to marvel at the feats of strength performed daily by Germany's anonymous strong man, the mysterious Mr. X.

No one seems to know who he is or where he came from, but that he is one of the sturdiest humans that ever lifted a dumbbell or pulled against a heavy-flanked workhorse is apparent in his spectacular routine. His most thrilling stunt, which he performs twice a day, is to let a small locomotive run over his body.

In doing this feat Mr. X lies flat on the ground with a piece of timber across his abdomen. Heavy steel rails are laid on this timber and a locomotive is run up one side of the incline and down the other. The machine is operated by an engineer. The strong man grunts a little when the full weight of the locomotive and its operator is upon him, but he always arises whole and smiling.



The Mysterious Mr. X., an Anonymous Strong Man of Germany, Allowing a Locomotive on Railroad Tracks to Run Over Him.

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Makes Living Selling Bugs

ON THE outskirts of Miami, Fla., is a neat little cottage set in a broad, green lawn and surrounded by beds of gay, sweet-smelling blossoms. This house is not unlike other homes in the neighborhood, but it is pointed out by proud residents of the section as the home of "The Butterfly Lady."

"The Butterfly Lady" is known by that name all over the world, although her real name is Mrs. Elizabeth Groves. She is, to be technical, a commercial entomologist who has gained much fame and considerable money by collecting, breeding and selling various kinds of insects and bugs.

The postman brings her letters from Europe, Canada, Central and South America and all parts of the United States. These letters are from colleges and universities, independent scientists, students of entomology, collectors of butterflies and other insects, manufacturing jewelers and retail jewelers. Some of these letters ask information about certain creatures that crawl and fly, but most of them are orders for insects. "The Butterfly Lady" cannot begin to fill the orders that come to her.

Her principal business, as her pretty nickname implies, is the collecting, breeding and selling of butterflies, and she specializes in Tiger Butterflies and the beautiful Ios, with dark spots on their wings and colorful shading not unlike the markings on a peacock. She has sold thousands of these to the jewelry trade to be used for brooches and pendants.

On one occasion Mrs. Groves received an order for 10,000 grasshoppers and, at the moment, she is swamped with orders for Mediterranean fruit flies, the pests that have cost Florida fruit growers thousands of dollars by their destructive appetites.

The porch of the Butterfly Lady's modest cottage is a veritable laboratory filled with jars of eggs and screened boxes of mature moths and butterflies. And her bank balance is growing steadily.

Cotton Stockings for Sausages

NOT so many years ago all women who did not have a substantial income wore cotton stockings. These were considered entirely "in style." Nowadays the most economical $15-a-week stenographer would be embarrassed to go on the street unless her legs were encased in stockings made of silk, real or synthetic. So far as modern women are concerned, cotton stockings are "out."

But the market for cotton stockings is by no means dead. Plenty of such casings are worn—on sausages. The elongated cylinders of ground pork and what-not have inherited what Milady cast off when Dame Fashion issued the edict that legs, to be in the mode, must glimmer and glisten.

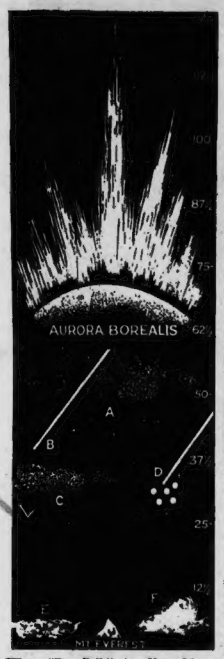
The present-day function of the cotton stocking was the result not only of changing fashions in feminine dress but of progressive ideas in sanitation. The pure food laws, regulating the manner in which food products must be packed for shipment, stipulated, among other things, that sausages must be so packed that their skins would not come in contact with other substances in transit.

It was then that it became the custom among sausage manufacturers to protect their products against contamination by enclosing them in sheets. Cotton was found, after much experimentation, to be ideal for this, because of its close weave and its clinging flexibility. So for big sausage—not the small link sausage so often eaten with pancakes—the cotton stocking became fashionable.

Commenting on this rather amusing, if sensible, mode for sausages, Dr. Harrison E. Howe, a Washington chemist and editor, recently said: "Science has taken cotton stockings off women and put them on the sausage."

How Lightning Makes Explosive Bombs Out of Air

Science Studying the Strange "Fire Balls," Objects of Superstition for Centuries, Now Proved to Be Real and So Destructive That a Two-Foot Globe Could Blow a Ten-Ton Truck 550 Feet Up in Air



Where "Fire Balls" Are Most Often Seen. (A) Upper Layer of Ozone Which Reflects Radio Waves During Night. (B) The Usual Limit of Meteoric Explosions. (C) The Lower Layer of Ozone Reflecting Radio Waves During the Daytime. (D) The Ozone Regions Between Them Where Electrical Conditions Produce the Majority of the "Fire Balls." (E) The Average Height of Thunder Clouds Which Produce the "Fire Ball" Phenomenon in the Lower Region of the Air. (F) The Average Height of the Cirrus Clouds Whose Formation Has, It Is Supposed, Something to Do With a Preponderance of Ozone in That Region. The Numbers at the Right of the Diagram Give the Scale in Miles.

Early Last Century a "Fire Ball" Entered the Combined House and Barn of a Peasant in France, Killing Him, His Wife and His Daughter and Blowing Up the Whole Structure. A Curious Old Drawing of the Incident from an English Illustrated Magazine of the Time.

The Miracle of St. Martin of Tours and the Ball of Fire in the Fourth Century. The Appearance of the Fiery Globe Over His Head While Worshiping Seems to Be a Well Authenticated Fact, and Science Now Believes It Was a "Fire Ball."

VERY few people have ever seen a ball of lightning. So few, in fact, that until recently it was possible for some sceptical scientific men to assert that no such thing exists. People get frightened in a thunderstorm, say these sceptics, or suffer from some optical illusion due to the intense brightness of an ordinary lightning flash and this makes them imagine that they have seen a luminous ball.

Gradually, however, evidence of the reality of lightning balls has accumulated. In a series of papers before the Academy of Sciences in Paris, M. E. Mathias has summarized many instances and sorted out the characters reported for the balls. For most scientific men this savant's papers, the latest of which appeared only a few weeks ago, have clinched the argument. It is now admitted that ball lightning exists.

The next problem is what causes it, for these remarkable balls are certainly not like the ordinary lightning flashes with which everybody is familiar. Scientists both in Europe and America are asking, therefore, for accurate, detailed reports of eye witnesses, so that some decision can be made between rival theories of what these remarkable objects are.

Mr. F. E. Crawford, of Horsly, England, who is familiar with the methods of meteorological observation, at 1:20 p. m. on October 25 last year saw "about eight feet above the ground a ball of fire about three feet in diameter, which exploded with a terrific crash into forked flames. There was no warning, no vibration, no sign of anything on the ground afterward, and the atmosphere was dull but quite normal. About a quarter of an hour afterward we heard a distant rumble like thunder and at the moment of the explosion we all felt a shock."

That is a typical experience except that there was no visible thunderstorm at the time. Probably there were electrified clouds above, from which the lightning ball descended, although these were not noticed. In most of the recorded instances the mysterious balls have been seen during an actual thunderstorm.

Such an example is reported by the Italian scientist, Dr. Ignazio Galli. On August 17, 1867, a violent thunderstorm broke over the city of Rome. During the storm sisters in the Convent of Saint Dorothy, looking out of the window, were astonished to see a ball of fire about three feet in diameter rolling along the ground of the convent garden. Suddenly the ball exploded with an enormous noise, a few feet from a marble statue of the Virgin which stood in the garden. One sister, who was at the moment closing one of the convent windows, reported that she felt a blast of heat, as though from a fire. No damage was done, however, to the marble statue, to the wall of the garden or even to the flowers.

Dr. Martinet in France was blown to bits when a fire ball struck him in his room.

In the records of the United States Weather Bureau, in Washington, is described the experience of Miss Sadie Williams, of New Fairfield, Connecticut, who was sitting on the porch of her house when there was a sudden clap of thunder and a ball of flame appeared at one side of the porch and ran rapidly to the other side, where it disappeared. A dog, sitting in Miss Williams' lap, was found to be dead.

A Photograph of a "Fire Ball" at the Tip of a Cloud Pendant During a Severe Electrical Storm.

The Death of Doctor Martinet of France by a "Fire Ball" Which Entered His Room and Struck Him on the Head, Blowing Him Almost to Bits. From an Old Drawing.

In Uralsk, Russia, on May 22, 1901, fire balls took one of their infrequent human victims. A young girl was seated inside the threshold of her home, with her back to the open door. After a clap of thunder outside, a ball of fire entered the door, touched the girl lightly on the back of the neck and passed on to an inner room, where it burst with a loud noise, doing much damage to the walls and furniture. The girl was killed.

During a thunderstorm at Peoria, Illinois, a ball of lightning paid a visit to the family of Robert Conkey. Entering the front door, it rolled into the dining room, where Mrs. Conkey and her daughter were seated at lunch. In a leisurely way it rolled around the table and ran out, without visible damage to house or furniture. Yet Mrs. Conkey was unconscious for two hours and her daughter's arm was paralyzed.

In San Marcial, New Mexico, a group of three lightning balls dropped down the chimney of the residence of Mrs. Kate Stewart and exploded. Mrs. Stewart was stunned, a visitor had a shoe torn from her foot and a second visitor was burned. In Missouri, the Weather Bureau's records continue, a lightning ball, the size of an egg, once dropped down a chimney on to a bed, starting a fire which destroyed the house.

There are other instances, however, in which these balls of lightning have touched living persons without harm. One of the most remarkable is recorded by the Abbe Spallanzani. At Ginepreto, Italy, on April 29, 1791, a young girl was playing with other children in a field when a ball of lightning descended from the sky, rolled a little way across the ground to the girl's bare feet and then gently rolled up her leg, billowing out her skirts, the Abbe reports, "like an opened umbrella." Escaping in a moment from the neck of the girl's dress, the ball, still bright and still globular in shape, drifted off in the air with a crackling noise. The girl was entirely unhurt.

In France, a peasant, his wife and daughter were killed early last century when a fire ball entered their dwelling and exploded.

The "miracle" of Tours is now explained. In the fourth century a ball of lightening passed over Bishop Martin's head while he was at worship. He was unharmed and later canonized.

Such accounts, together with the many others which have been collected by M. Mathias, Professor Galli, M. Flammarion and others and which are stored away in the records of the world's bureaus of meteorology, leave no doubt that these mysterious globes are very different, somehow, from ordinary lightning. Indeed, there would be no reason to refer to the fiery balls as lightning at all were it not for the fact that they appear almost always during thunder storms and frequently just after a flash of ordinary lightning. In the few recorded instances, like Mr. Crawford's experience, in which no preceding thunder or lightning was noticed, it is still possible to believe that some form of thunderstorm was in progress nearby at the time.

Sand Fused by a Lightning Bolt Into Glass. These Curious Objects, Together With Small Meteors, Used to Be Called "Thunder Stones" and Were Supposed to Have Dropped From the Skies During Lightning Discharges.

Aside from this relation to ordinary thunderstorms, the fiery balls show some other general characteristics. Their light usually is bluish in color, although a few red ones have been reported, like one seen by M. Bouget in France. M. Mathias has found one account of yellow fire balls, but this may be doubtful. Nearly always, the balls ultimately explode with a loud noise, described by some witnesses as louder than the noise of a cannon. This explosion often seems to be touched off by contact with any hard, rough object, like a heap of stones. Across softer, smoother things, like carpets or grassed lawns, the balls appear to be able to roll or bounce gently, without detonating the explosive energy which they undoubtedly contain.

In size, the balls vary from tiny objects no larger than marbles to great globes six feet or more in diameter. Sometimes many occur at once, as is recorded to have happened during the severe tornado which visited Louisville, Kentucky, in 1890.

All the descriptions of eye witnesses indicate that the matter of the balls, whatever it may be, is about of the same weight as the same volume of air, for the balls drift along lazily in the wind and roll or bounce gently along the ground precisely as a moderately heavy soap bubble would do or a small balloon filled with air or with a gas just a little heavier.

It is the nature of this matter which composes the lightning balls that is of the greatest interest to the scientists now studying them.

A more definite suggestion was made some time ago by Professor W. M. Thornton of Armstrong College at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England. The explosive out of which lightning creates these floating, fulminating bombs is, he believes, the variety of oxygen called ozone. In addition to the general character of the balls, two things seem, Professor Thornton thinks, to indicate this composition. One is the bluish light which the balls usually emit. The other is that a strong smell of ozone has been described by many witnesses as perceptible when the balls had passed by or had burst.

A bluish light is characteristic of electrified oxygen, as radio fans often notice when a vacuum tube leaks a little and gets enough air inside to produce this "blue glow" when the voltage is turned on. Ozone is a form of oxygen, consisting of three oxygen atoms attached to each other in a kind of atomic triangle, instead of the groups of two atoms each which make up ordinary oxygen. Powerful electric forces may be made to convert ordinary oxygen into ozone, Professor Thornton points out, in physical laboratories. Far mightier electric forces are released along the path of a lightning flash in the air. It would not be surprising, he believes, if these electric forces along the path of an ordinary flash were able, under favorable circumstances, to transform a considerable quantity of ordinary air oxygen into ozone. This ozone might then gather into balls resembling the balls actually observed.

A ball two feet in diameter, containing pure, freshly-formed ozone, would have internal explosive energy, Professor Thornton calculates, equal to about ten million foot-pounds, enough to lift a ten-ton weight almost to the top of the Washington monument.

What are needed, all experts admit, are more facts. Everyone who has the good luck to see one of these lightning balls should take pains to observe it very closely, note its color, its size, its movements; whether or not it seems to throw out any heat and what, if anything, it does when it bursts. Touching the balls is not advocated, as some of them undoubtedly can do harm. Statements of other witnesses should be collected also, and all data put into the hands of some competent scientific authority—the local weather observer, a local teacher of science or some one else.

Luckier still will be any amateur photographer who happens to be able to photograph one of these mysterious balls, for such a photograph will be absolutely unique.

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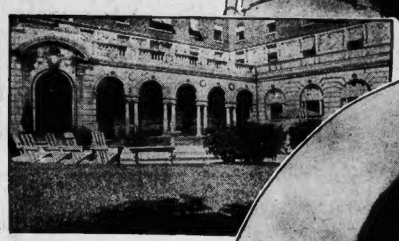
Her Youthful Charm No Match for His Foster Mother's Brains?

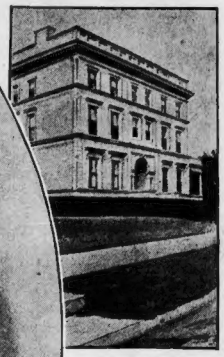
Mrs. Lloyd Howard, Who Won Her Husband at the Hotel Candy Counter, Loses Her Four-Year Fight for Him, and Complains That the Famous Sex Appeal and Other Lures of the Younger Generation Have Little Chance Against Mature Experience and Strategy

Lloyd Boyle Howard, Who Married the Candy Counter Girl.

When Young Mrs. Howard Was With Young Folk Like Herself, She Knew Just How to Talk and Behave, but, She Says, When Her Husband's Foster-Mother Invited Her to Live in Her Own Home, She Was Asked to Join in "High-Brow" Conversations That She Could Not Possibly Understand, and When, for an Example, She Was Asked What She Thought of Benvenuto Cellini, the Renaissance Goldsmith, and Got Him Mixed Up With Mussolini, It Put Her to a Disadvantage, Made Her Husband Lose His Regard for Her and Finally Leave Her.



The Rich Patio of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis, One of the Places Where Young Mr. Howard Spent His Life of Luxury Before He Married the Candy Counter Girl.



A View of Miss Boyle's Beautiful Home in St. Louis.

YOUNG and pretty Mrs. Lloyd Boyle Howard wants $100,000 damages from Miss Sidney Emeline Boyle, rich spinster and elderly fashionable society leader of St. Louis, for alleged alienation of her youthful husband's affections.

This fact does not sound remarkable, nor is it. But what lies behind it is extremely remarkable, since it is an admission by young Mrs. Boyle that in her four years' war with her gray-haired antagonist, youthful charm, "S. A."—as sex appeal is casually referred to today—and all the up-to-date weapons of youth can be vanquished by mature experience, culture and, it may be, money.

It is not asserted that Miss Boyle "alienated" young Mr. Howard's affections with any idea of being Mrs. Howard No. 2. Far from it. She is his foster mother, having adopted him when he was a five-year-old baby, about fifteen years ago. Miss Boyle no doubt has a feeling that it was Mrs. Howard who alienated Lloyd's affections, and that they have only been brought back to their old home.

It all seems to prove that the younger generation isn't as smart as it thinks it is, that the "irresistible lure" of youth is surprisingly vulnerable, and that the young folks have still a lot to learn.

For instance, when Lloyd and Grace, who was a candy clerk in a hotel coffee shop when he married her, were dancing around with a dozen other young folk, nobody would ever expect the conversation to turn upon Einstein's theory of relativity, or the art of Benvenuto Cellini, the great Renaissance goldsmith, and so on.

Conversation was upon dance steps and other light and frivolous topics. And Lloyd never had any occasion to be ashamed of any lack of knowledge on the part of his wife in these matters. But when at Miss Boyle's formal dinners the conversation turned upon Cellini, and Mrs. Howard, asked for her opinion of him, would hesitate and then say something like: "Well, it's swell the way he runs Italy," it was different.

Of course, everybody can't know everything. When Henry Ford was on the stand at Dearborn, Michigan, being examined as to the extent of his literacy and was asked what he knew about Benedict Arnold, Mr. Ford haltingly remarked that he thought he was an English writer. This abysmal ignorance of his country's history in mixing up the well-known traitor of the Revolution with the well-known novelist, Arnold Bennett, never affected Mr. Ford's standing thereafter. People remembered his money and went right on reading all he had to say about all subjects under the sun.

And it would be thought that Mrs. Howard's youth and charm, like Mr. Ford's money, would have made people forget about her mistake. But she says that her husband didn't, and she intimates that Miss Boyle deliberately led her on to make these mistakes, even to the extent of getting her to read Biblical names, which she never could pronounce, and then her husband and Miss Boyle laughed heartily, patronizingly and contemptuously at her.

Or, as she put it in her complaint, "Miss Boyle set out to humiliate and hurt me. I was frequently reminded that I lacked the culture the wife of Lloyd should have."

And after a while, she says, her husband's foster mother succeeded in getting her entirely laughed out of Lloyd's love.

The opening skirmish, however, was a triumph for the girl. Youth called to youth, and youth responded with a "whoopee." How completely the young maid at that time routed the old maid was evident when Lloyd, at the time of their elopement, boasted that not for a million dollars would he give up his wife.

Miss Boyle did not have a million, only $600,000, but, according to Grace, she slowly disarmed the girl of every weapon of her sex until now she stands husbandless, beaten and ready to give up as soon as she can collect some indemnity for getting the worst off it.

As Grace Tolbart, candy clerk in the hotel coffee shop, Mrs. Howard got off to a fine romantic start, worthy of the opening of a moving picture. She started to drown in a swimming pool, which is a rather difficult thing in itself, and had the rare good fortune to be saved, not by some fat man with a wife and children, but by the elegant young Lloyd Boyle Howard, a youth whom she could hardly have hoped to meet socially.

On top of that she had more luck. Lloyd, in the fourteen years he had been under Miss Boyle's wing, had been most carefully reared, his manners and habits, while possibly a bit old style, were of the very best, and his foster mother had forced him to take an intelligent interest in art, literature, science and current events, which, of course, was a little boresome to a modern youth of nineteen.

Lloyd found in Grace a mental rest. She was very sweet, very pretty and if sometimes she did not understand what he was talking about, she at least never disputed it. She liked to dance and go places, exactly what he wanted to do mostly because he had not been allowed.

The young man thought he had found a pearl among women and a most congenial one and so informed his foster mother. Miss Boyle did not think so. When that lady, after a brief interview with the other, announced that he must choose between herself and Grace, he took half a dozen of his expensively tailored suits and walked out of the fine old three-story stone mansion in Lindell Drive, just as he had seen brave young scions of the rich do on the screen.

These scions in the next reel are seen driving trucks as well that they are promoted to vice president of a big corporation. Lloyd, after a few days' honeymoon, actually did get a job on a truck for he had learned to drive Miss Boyle's $20,000 car as well as his own roadster. At the end of three days, however, instead of being promoted he was fired. This was not quite right, but he became usher at a picture house at $15 a week which would not have kept him in gasoline and would not have kept Mr. and Mrs. Howard alive if the bride had not prudently retained her candy job.

Young Mrs. Lloyd Boyle Howard, Who Found, She Says, That Her Youthful Charm and Devoted Love for Her Husband Was No Match for the Superior Tactics of His Mature Foster Mother.

With the combined salaries they were able to inhabit a $15-dollar-a-month room with light housekeeping privileges, and he was always able to get her into the pictures free. Light housekeeping meals and for dessert, candy from the store, did not agree with Lloyd's stomach, used to the best a chef could provide. He grew thinner and sicker for a year until one day he collapsed at the theatre.

All this time Miss Boyle seemingly had ignored and forgotten him, and yet she suddenly appeared and took him to her apartment at the Chase Hotel. When the doctors had decided that all he needed was decent cooking and Miss Boyle had said that he would get it right there, he uttered the following perfectly good spoken title:

"No, Mother, not unless Grace comes too."

"Mother" agreed without a murmur, and that very day Grace triumphantly moved from a $15 to a $500 apartment with Lloyd. It seemed like another great victory but, like many another military power, this wife began to discover that there are disadvantages connected with invading the enemy's territory. Painful things began to happen.

Miss Boyle insisted that Grace must meet her society friends. This seemed very kind at first, but the wrathful wife now sees it as part of a deep plot to "wrongfully, wickedly and with malicious intent" cause Lloyd to leave her. These society women were cordial in their manner, but before long the conversation was sure to rise into strange realms of art or literature, and one of them would ask Grace some such questions as what she thought, for instance, of Benvenuto Cellini.

Poor Grace would think hard because they seemed to expect an answer and reply:

"It's swell the way he runs Italy."

Lloyd's embarrassed countenance would tell her that she had made the wrong answer, and she would guess again that they meant that opera singer who pushed Jeritza into the footlights.

Grace tried to read up and improve her mind, but how was a poor girl to keep from getting Einstein and Nicky Arnstein all mixed up, and wasn't it Fig Newton that discovered gravity or light or something, with an apple? Those little teas became tortures, and, worse than that was the effect they had on her husband. Lloyd had thought her ignorance of such unimportant matters cute when they were first married, but now he looked disgusted and ashamed. There seemed nothing to do but refuse to meet these society women any more, and that made her look and feel like a barbarian. However, she says that in spite of this she and Lloyd were happy when they were alone.

Perhaps one reason for the young couple's continued interest in each other despite the proximity of the foster-mother-in-law was an impending happy event such as has drawn young couples closer together since Adam and Eve had their first child.

The boy baby was born and the family of four immediately moved back to the old Boyle mansion, the scene of so many gay parties in the days of old Judge Wilbur Boyle.

The young couple with their baby occupied the first floor and Miss Boyle settled herself in the second floor.

Here things went from bad to worse. Grace complains that there were prayer and Bible reading regularly mornings that lasted from three to four hours. Mrs. Howard comes of a religious family and did not mind the length of the sessions so much as the aggravation of being "prayed at." She felt that the religious-minded older lady's long prayers to deliver "poor Lloyd from the snares and machinations of evil," meant to deliver him from her. Even that would have been endurable if the unhappy wife had been allowed to pray back at her adversary, but Miss Boyle criticized her pronunciation and vocabulary, calling them worse than those of a radio announcer.

But the thing that completely disarmed and crushed the young wife was the clothes she had to wear. As Lloyd was only allowed $5 a week and not permitted to work, it was not enough to clothe Grace on. In her elegant surroundings she needed a lot of clothes and mentioned the fact to Miss Boyle. That lady admitted the need and attended to it personally and thoroughly. In less than one year she bought her 27 dresses but, alas, what sort of dresses!

Grace had gayly led the older woman into a nice expensive store where the salesperson began showing lovely knee-length, sun-back dresses, just what the young wife wanted. As fast as these "creations" appeared the spinster waved them away as immodest. Finally Miss Boyle asked if they hadn't any "respectable" dresses. The saleswoman bowed and produced an entirely new set.

Young Mrs. Howard had no idea that such extremely modest gowns could be bought ready made these days. She says they were "horribly respectable," with skirts almost to her ankles.

In the wife's deposition she describes them as "much too large for me and much too long. They were unlike dresses worn by other young women of my age. She told me that only common people and flappers wore close-fitting, short dresses and that young women prominent in society wore their dresses long and roomy. She got that kind for me."

Garbed in such "shamefully modest" clothing Grace seems to have felt as helpless as a muzzled dog. She believes that forcing such apparel on a young wife would alienate the affections of any husband in the world. Hateful though the dresses were, Grace says they were all kept in closets on Miss Boyle's floor, forcing her to ask permission to wear any of them.

Another thing that pained and humiliated the young mother was the way the spinster referred to the baby. She says that Miss Boyle, in talking to Lloyd, never referred to it as "his son" but always as "Grace's baby," as if it were something in which the father had no partnership or interest.

So at last Grace took "Grace's baby" and went away from there and saw a lawyer.

Miss Boyle denies that there is anything in the alienation charges and a judge and jury of mere men will have to decide, if possible, whether this duel between the two women was fought strictly according to legal rules provided for such contests.

Little Baby Howard, Whose Mother Says Miss Boyle Always Referred to as "Grace's Baby" and Not as Her Foster-Son's.

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"No more slow dissolving soaps"

say 212,960 answers from women*

"We've found Super Suds a new form of soap that gives instant suds...washes clothes whiter... gets dishes sparkling clean ... in far less time."

NO more waiting for suds. No more heating water extra hot to get chips and flakes to dissolve. No more half melted bits of soap sticking to clothes and dishes.

For here's a wonderful new soap that dissolves 100%... instantly. A soap that gives you all the rich soapy suds you can use ... the minute you turn on the water. A soap that works in water 10% cooler than other soaps require.

This new soap is called Super Suds. It is not chips, nor flakes, nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads. Beads with walls four times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake you ever used.

Why women prefer bead soap

Dissolves instantly. Because of its tissue-like thinness, Super Suds dissolves instantly. No stirring, no waiting. And note how suds form all through the water—not just on top. Swift, active "underwater" suds. Just as the test pictured at the right shows you.

Speedier washing. These energetic underwater suds wash dishes faster ... clothes whiter ... because all the soap gets to work instantly. None of it remains undissolved—no soap wasted. Thus with Super Suds you get super cleansing power.

Easier rinsing. Because Super Suds always dissolves 100%, it is the easiest rinsing soap on the market today ... Super Suds leaves clothes sweet, clean and soap-free, in actually one less rinse than other soaps require. In dishwashing, Super Suds rinses away completely in one hot rinse, leaving dishes so clear that they will drain dry to sparkling brightness. *You don't need to wipe them.*

Get Super Suds today. Use it for dishwashing, for laundry. For all household cleaning where you want ease plus speed. You will find it keeps hands soft and white, because it dissolves in water just comfortably warm. 10 big cups of soap for just ten cents.

Please Make This Test

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich soapy suds. Instantly every drop of water becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds cleans with such amazing swiftness.

*These figures are based on 212,960 answers given us by housewives when called upon in their homes.

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP 10¢

Science Studies What "Gets Your Goat"

Professor Cason, in a Remarkable Inquiry as to What Annoys People Most, Finds There Are 21,000 Different Causes—But There Are Only 507 That May Lead to Assault, Murder, Suicide or Divorce

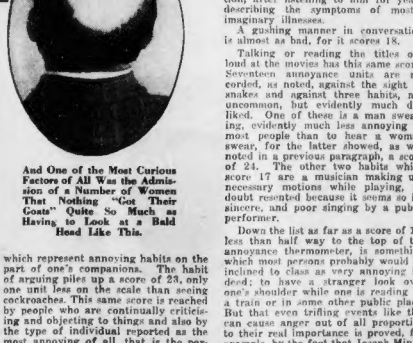
One of the Most Fruitful Causes of Irritation That Sometimes Actually Leads to Divorce Is a Wife Interfering With Her Husband While He Is Reading the Paper at Breakfast—And, Conversely, Nothing Seems to Irritate Many Women More Than to Have a Man Read a Newspaper at Meals.

High Among the List of the Things That Annoy People Most Is Singing by People Who Think They Know How, But Don't.
——On the Left——
A Number of Others Confess That What Irritates Them Most Is to See Grown-up People Acting or Talking Like Children. Like These Two Who Have Dressed Up a Kitten Like a Baby, Just as Youngsters Often Do.

One of the Surprises of the Investigation Was the Number of Men Who Admitted That the Thing That "Got Their Goat" the Worst Was to See a Woman Take a Drink.

Mrs. Malcolm Odell, a Good-Class Ohio Woman, Who, After Listening for Years to Her Husband's Continual Complaints of How He Felt, With Descriptions of His Symptoms, Shot Him.

Highest Among the List of Things That Make Both Women and Men "See Red" Is Ill Treatment of Children and Animals.



And One of the Most Curious Factors of All Was the Admission of a Number of Women That Nothing "Got Their Goats" Quite So Much as Having to Look at a Bald Head Like This.

THE most annoying thing in the world to the average American is the sight of cruelty to a child or to an animal. Almost equally annoying is to be asked to sleep in a dirty bed. The most annoying human being is the persistent salesman. The most annoying habit is that of arguing. The most annoying animal is a mosquito in one's bedroom, but flies are a close second, and cockroaches are not far behind. Mice, surprisingly, are more annoying than snakes. A woman swearing is more annoying than most human actions, but an intoxicated woman is more annoying still.

Such are a few of the conclusions from a study of 21,000 definite annoyances experienced by 659 persons, of both sexes, and of all ages from 10 years old to 90, as reported by Professor Hulsey Cason, of the University of Rochester, at the International Congress of Psychology held recently at Yale University. For nearly two years Professor Cason and his wife, Mrs. Eloise Booker Cason, have been collecting from all kinds of likely and unlikely people notes of things that made these people mad. Thus were obtained the 21,000 instances.

Out of the whole list, after duplicates were cancelled out, 507 annoying things were selected for further study, this list including all of the most frequent annoyances, since some seemed to lead to such violent actions as assault, divorce, suicide and murder.

For 300 of the most common causes of annoyance further facts were obtained by asking 535 typical individuals which of these 300 things seemed to them the most annoying. Finally, Professor and Mrs. Cason tabulated the most annoying things shown by the whole list, unquestionably the most complete scientific study of human annoyances ever made in the world. The results might be called the catalogue of why people get mad, or, as the popular phrase goes, "what gets your goat."

Some of Professor Cason's figures for the worst of the anger-creating incidents were tabulated by him in his talk at New Haven on a scale, like a thermometer scale, the highest point of which was 30 units. This constituted what might be called the average boiling point of the community, just as 212 degrees represents the boiling point of water on the thermometer. Anything that inevitably makes everybody mad, or, in this experiment, anything that always made all of Professor Cason's subjects mad, would have this score of 30 "annoyance degrees" and would top the list.

No single cause of annoyance was found to be as bad as this. The universal, inevitable "goat getter" apparently does not exist, or else Professor Cason had on his list of human subjects a few who were unable to lose their tempers under any circumstances. Three things, however, showed scores close to the annoyance boiling point. These were a child being harshly treated by an adult, an animal being treated cruelly by a human being and a person being asked to sleep in a dirty bed.

All three of these causes of annoyance showed scores of 28, only two degrees short of the universal boiling point. Put another way, this means that if thirty average people see a child being mistreated or are asked to sleep in a dirty bed, twenty-eight of these people will get very angry.

It is probably significant that two of these three largest scorers in the "goat-getting" contest are impersonal, unselfish things—constituting an instinctive revolt against the mistreatment of a weaker creature.

This explains, too, the relatively large number of crimes reported as caused by the sight of cruelty. A few weeks ago in Alma City, Minnesota, a woman killed her crippled husband with a shotgun as climax to a series of cruelties inflicted by the cripple, she reported, on the family's young children. Every week's news carries similar items. The explanation, Professor Cason's analyses indicates, is the ease with which the sight of cruelty arouses anger apt to become ungovernable.

The high place of the dirty bed in the list of anger makers is also rather to the credit of mankind. A few centuries ago this could not have been true, for everybody then slept in any kind of bed that was at hand, clean or dirty. Special observers agree that America has become the cleanest nation in the world, and the habit evidently has bitten so deep into the national consciousness that forced violations of it are the most angering personal happenings in the whole list of Professor Cason's tests.

Next to the three highest scores of 28 on the "anger thermometer" come four annoyances which made scores of 26 units each. These are: the sight of young people showing disrespect for old ones, the sight of an intoxicated woman, hair in food that one is asked to eat and a mosquito buzzing, about when one is trying to go to sleep. Unspecified dirt in food and flies near one's food fall only a little lower on the anger thermometer, both having scores of 25.

The mosquito, one observes, is the first really tangible and definite annoyance in the list. Disrespect for the old is really much the same thing as the examples of cruelty which lead off the list. The fact that it is annoying to so many people can be due to nothing except the average American's dislike of seeing the strong mistreat the weak. Dirt in food, hair in food and flies represent, once more, the intensity of the modern ideal of cleanliness. It is interesting that of the first nine anger makers in Professor Cason's list, seven may be traced to violations of these two fundamental and very creditable desires—the desire to see fair play and the desire to keep one's self from contact with dirt.

Next comes the first item in the list which can be called selfish. With a score of 24 stands the most annoying action which another human being can take toward the person who is threatened with anger. This is to crowd in ahead in a line without waiting one's turn. It needs no psychological research to tell the average citizen how violently he resents such behavior. Probably this ranks higher as a cause of fights that get on city police blotters as "disorderly conduct" or "disturbing the peace" than any other single item.

Here Professor Cason's tests agree notably with common sense. It is noteworthy, too, that this most annoying thing which can be done directly to the average human being involves, once more, the element of resentment against something unfair. Americans resent affronts against their ideals even more, the tests show, than affronts against themselves.

Two other annoyances pile up the same score of 24 as does crowding ahead of place in line. One is to hear a woman swearing, the other is the sight of cockroaches. It is interesting to compare the annoyance scores from different kinds of animal vermin. Mosquitoes, as noted, lead the list with a score of 26, but this is really a complex annoyance, for the noise that these insects make probably contributes as much or more to their abilities to make one mad as does fear or dislike of the insects themselves. Next come flies, which score 25 on the annoyance thermometer, doubtless because of their relation to America's dislike of dirt. The score of 24 for cockroaches probably has a similar cause. Mice come next with a score of 20 and snakes follow with 17.

Next after the cockroaches in the general list come three causes of anger which represent annoying habits on the part of one's companions. The habit of arguing piles up a score of 23, only one unit less on the scale than seeing cockroaches. This same score is reached by people who are continually criticising and objecting to things and also by the type of individual reported as the most annoying of all, that is the persistent salesman who will not take no for an answer and go away. Here belongs, too, the smell of liquor on another person's breath. Merely to see an intoxicated man, without smelling him, is a little less annoying, for this scores but 22 units on the anger thermometer.

Talking about one's illnesses is a habit so annoying to the average listener that it piles up a score of 20 on Professor Cason's scale, the same as the annoyance caused by seeing mice. Here it is interesting to note that not so long ago Mrs. Malcolm Odell, a good-class Ohio woman, shot her husband. She explained that she had done it in a moment of uncontrollable exasperation, after listening to him for years describing the symptoms of mostly imaginary illnesses.

A gushing manner in conversation is almost as bad, for it scores 18.

Talking or reading the titles out loud at the movies has this same score. Seventeen annoyance units are recorded, as noted, against the sight of snakes and against three habits, not uncommon, but evidently much disliked. One of these is a man swearing, evidently much less annoying to most people than to hear a woman swear, for the latter showed, as was noted in a previous paragraph, a score of 24. The other two habits which score 17 are a musician making unnecessary motions while playing, no doubt resented because it seems so insincere, and poor singing by a public performer.

Down the list as far as a score of 14, less than half way to the top of the annoyance thermometer, is something which most persons probably would be inclined to class as very annoying indeed; to have a stranger look over one's shoulder while one is reading on a train or in some other public place. But that even trifling events like this can cause anger out of all proportion to their real importance is proved, for example, by the fact that Joseph Mintz, of New York City, was stabbed to death in the subway on February 14, 1929, because the newspaper which he was reading accidentally brushed against the stabber's face and infuriated him.

In the list reported at New Haven mechanical music, presumably including radio, scores but seven on the anger thermometer, but this may be because relatively few of the persons tested were exposed to its annoyance. Jazz was annoying enough to some of the subjects to acquire a record of six points. Whistling to one's self, often talked about as one of the worst annoyances, scored only three units, which would make it practically not annoying at all to the average individual.

Last of the comparatively brief list cited at New Haven was the sight of a bald-headed man. Only two people out of the average thirty would be annoyed by this, and why they should be remains a psychological mystery.

Outside the bare figures of the list, Professor Cason finds, he reported, that women are more easily annoyed than men, and that most people are most easily annoyed during middle age, between 40 and 60 years old. Very old people are seldom annoyed, and the same is true of children. Fat men are less easily annoyed than thin men, but all men are apt to be annoyed by the necessity of dancing with or of entertaining a fat woman. Women, on the other hand, are not usually annoyed by a fat man. Men are hugely annoyed by seeing an adult weep, but women do not mind this at all. Nervous mannerisms, like biting the lips or sucking the teeth audibly, are highly annoying to women, but bother men very little.

Nearly all of the long list of annoyances, Professor Cason decides, are things which have been acquired by experience. One is not naturally annoyed by cockroaches or by a dirty bed. These are dislikes which spring from a sense of cleanliness taught by civilized life. Only a very few annoyances seem to be a natural part of the human system. Harsh, grating noises, like that of a shovel on a cement floor, constitute one of these. Squeaky noises, like that of hard chalk on a blackboard, is another. Certain odors seem also to be intrinsically annoying.

By far the most violent annoyances seem to be those caused by other human beings, especially if the incident is repeated and causes humiliation or a feeling of inferiority. Last year, for example, a New York City salesman committed suicide by jumping out of the window because his wife repeatedly beat him playing cards. A fireman recently shot the captain of his fire company because of an order to clean the brass work around the engine. In the famous English case of the murder of Edmund Lascelles the crime was due to the victim's nagging of a tenant behind in his rent. A negro nurse girl in New York City knifed the baby of which she was in charge because the child cried too much and annoyed her. Many assaults and divorces have sprang from the irritation caused by wives snatching the newspaper their husbands were reading at breakfast.

Professor and Mrs. Cason are to continue and extend their investigations. Ultimately the results will be published in book form; a work which will be of the greatest interest and value, it cannot be doubted, to physicians, social workers, police officials and others who are compelled to deal so often with misdemeanors and crimes of violence traceable to these apparently unimportant trifles which are powerful enough to make people mad.

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Split those Fall and Winter Nights

WIDE OPEN

with an EVEREADY Flashlight

GET YOURS THIS WEEK!

EARLIER nights and longer nights pile up the dangers of darkness. For danger skulks in shadows! You never know where it is—or what its form, until it has you down. Take a "fall" out of autumn nights with an Eveready Flashlight. Any time you move about after dark, carry an Eveready. Crack the blackest night right down the center with its piercing, white beam.

***Out** in the yard* ***In** the car*
***Up** in the attic* ***Down** cellar*

—wherever you are whenever it's dark, use an Eveready! Then you won't do a humpty-dumpty down the stairs. Nor catch your chin on a clothesline. And you'll side-step skates and scooters, carelessly dropped, when you walk with an Eveready.

Never drive an automobile at night without an Eveready Flashlight. It's as important as a jack for changing tires. And keep matches away from your gas-tank. Play safe, with an Eveready Flashlight, and you'll never play with fire!

Be sure your flashlight is loaded with high-powered batteries—genuine Evereadys. They give you months of top-notch service! They're dated, like kodak film. You *know* they're fresh!

New Evereadys on display this week

Have you seen the new colored Eveready Flashlights? They're beauties, in special pearl-luster red, blue, green, old rose, and baby blue finishes. Leading retail stores will display these modern flashlights during the coming week. Buy an Eveready, loaded with Eveready Batteries. That's important.

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

A boy's own light—the Boy Scout Flashlight. Khaki case to match the uniform. Special features make this light ideal for campers and sportsmen. Complete, $2.

Load your flashlight with the most power ever packed into a battery. You will find it in Eveready Batteries. Months of service for only ten cents.

A new pocket Eveready **49c**

A real flashlight. Has a switch and a replaceable battery. Furnished in Scotch-grained red, blue, green, and black at 49c, complete with battery and lamp.

No. 2671 — a focusing pocket type. Only $1.50 complete. Everybody's choice for general use. In red, green, blue, and black.

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No. 2604 in black, without ring-hanger or shock-absorber, 85c.

The most powerful of all flashlights. The focal model that is so popular with aviators, sportsmen and boating enthusiasts. A quarter-mile range! A great light! $5 complete. No. 2645.

Mystery of Elaine Worth's Murdered Sweethearts

Twice in a Year the Attractive Actress Has Pledged Her Heart to Her Suitors Only to Have One Riddled With Bullets and the Other Thrown From a Window—and the Police Can't Determine Why Her Fiances Are So Unlucky

Elaine Worth, the Pretty Little Actress, Whose Fiances Have Proven So Unlucky.

THE distressing experiences of Elaine Worth who had two fiances "bumped off" before they had time to marry her and a third who went to jail by himself instead of on a honeymoon with her, reveal what a nightmare life a girl must expect who mixes socially with gangsters.

But Elaine tearfully vows that she did not know that two of her admirers were connected with the underworld and asks how a poor girl is to tell these days, since the "night-club racket" has taught gunmen to wear evening dress.

Elaine's three sad romances all blossomed and died during the year's run of "Easy for Zee Zee," a somewhat unique French farce of which she was and still is the star at the Green Street Theatre in what is called the Bohemian or Latin Quarter of San Francisco. The first of the three to capture the heart of the lovely blonde Elaine was Gerry Ferri, a dark, but prosperously dressed man, who was introduced after the show with the somewhat vague description of a "regular guy."

She says that he was elegant, well-mannered, had lots of money and became very attentive. Before permitting herself to become too much interested, Elaine asked a few questions about him. Mr. Ferri informed her that he had been in the jewelry and pineapple business in Chicago, but had come to San Francisco for his health. Also he was unmarried, lonesome and prosperous. These seemed about all that it was necessary to know about a man and so Elaine let herself fall in love with this Mr. Ferri, whose intentions were serious enough—in fact almost too serious.

Gerry was a masterful and jealous lover with a habit of discouraging any man who showed the faintest interest in the girl he was going to marry. Miss Worth, in her interviews later with the police, stated that she often wondered what sort of influence Gerry had used to cause all the others to drop her. She has since been told the method. He simply walked close to the man, nudged him with something he had in his coat pocket and whispered:

"It's a gun. Keep off my frail or I'll smoke it on you."

Elaine did not mind these mysterious fadings away of other men, because she was very much in love with Gerry, who was soon to marry her and take her to that pineapple ranch she imagined he had somewhere. But alas, for true love!

Only a few mornings before the wedding day, the police aroused the bride-to-be at an unearthly hour with bad news. The night before, neighbors in the apartment house where Gerry lived had heard ten or a dozen shots, followed by the sound of someone running down stairs and "cursing gleefully." The police had found Mr. Ferri in his apartment dead.

From the appearance of things someone had evidently called and there had been some shooting near the front door of the apartment. After this Mr. Ferri had withdrawn and modestly shut himself in his bathroom but the other man had intruded on his privacy and finished the shooting by filling the Chicago gentleman full of lead. When the near-bride had calmed down enough to utter something more than blubbers the police asked her who she thought had given Gerry the "bump."

Elaine sobbed out that she could not imagine, as she didn't think such a nice man could have an enemy in the world. In a somewhat pained voice, a police detective inquired if she was not aware that Gerry was a Chicago gangster. Why certainly not, the very idea! The actress said she had twice asked him about Chicago and each time Gerry's eyes had started to fill with tears at some sad remembrance—so she had not pressed him about it. The detective smiled faintly at that and nodded.

"Yes," he agreed, "the night before Ferri left Chicago, the cops cornered him in a cellar and tossed in a couple of weep-pineapples (tear-gas bombs). He got away but I hear it made his eyes run every time he thought of it."

"Well, that's that," thought poor Elaine, putting on mourning, which made her look blonder than ever. She had not only lost her fiance, but come within about three days of being a widow. And everyone knows that the more heartbroken a widow is, the sooner she falls in love again. So it was with the unhappy star of "Easy for Zee Zee."

The man who wiped away Zee Zee's tears temporarily was Frank Grupico, also of the underworld, but neither a gunman nor a racketeer of any specific kind. He was a sort of liaison officer between gangdom, politicians and parole boards. The underworld's name for such a personage is a "two-by-four."

Dale Winter, Who Married James Colosimo, a Leader of Chicago's Underworld, Who Was Mysteriously Shot to Death Just as Elaine Worth's Gangster Fiance, Ferri, Was.

Elaine knew that Frank moved in criminal circles, but he pursuaded her that he was in gangdom but not of it, much as a settlement worker may spend the day asking questions of the poor and yet be quite well off herself. Mr. Grupico assured the actress that his work was of a benevolent nature, arranging for politicians that the gangs would vote right and that the worst criminals would be paroled out of prison the earliest, which pleased the criminals and delighted the wardens. Frank was so confident that nobody would want to give him the "bump" that sometimes he went abroad unarmed. Elaine therefore thought it quite safe to place her heart in his hands.

Elaine Worth With Her Leading Man, Robert Chapman, in a Scene From the Play in Which He Was Starring When He Met His Death.

According to her story this second romance traveled along to its proper climax of wedding bells and then something mysterious and sad happened. The groom vanished for three days and then turned up safe enough behind the bars of the city prison. He was charged with having attacked a young married woman who had wandered into a private dining-room in a notorious North Beach resort.

The police are a little suspicious of the readiness with which Grupico gave himself up, and his willingness to remain in jail indefinitely while his trial is put off. The gangsters of San Francisco, especially those who are looking for him to take him for a ride, say he deliberately had himself "framed up" so he would be safe from their bullets. It seems that there is a little misunderstanding about Frank's benevolence. He had collected a large sum of money to be used for "springing" a couple of gangsters serving long sentences, but these gentlemen were not "sprung" and some were unkind enough to accuse the benevolent Mr. Grupico of having spent the money on the new Mrs. Grupico—if she is Mrs. Grupico.

That is the way she signed the visitor's register when she called upon Frank at the city prison. After a few minutes conversation with the "two-by-four," Elaine fell in a heap on the floor and did not recover consciousness until some time after her arrival in the hospital. There she explained that it was not anything unkind the imprisoned groom had said that had knocked her out, but the fact that she had for three nights been taking sleeping tablets. The doctors agreed that it was a poorly balanced diet.

On leaving the hospital she read something in the papers that almost sent her back there again. Mr. Grupico had announced that he was not married and had no intention of tying himself up for life with any woman. In fact he would as soon be in jail where he was. He said Elaine must have dreamed they were married.

The actress seems to have accepted that explanation. Anyway, it was a shattered dream and this time though she wore no mourning, the unhappy near-bride was even more heart-broken than a widow. Once more she needed strong and gallant hands to wipe away those tears and found them right handy.

Marks Upon the Window-sill of the Apartment Showed That Young Chapman Had Hung There, Desperately Trying to Climb Back, While His Unknown Assailants Beat His Clutching Hands Away—And, Like Elaine's First Fiance, They Picked Him Up Dead.

That person was Robert Chapman, leading man of her show, "Easy for Zee Zee," and every night the final curtain found her nestling happily in his arms. Chapman had been doing this for a year and was a professional actor. Surely there was no reason to suspect that he was connected with guns, gangland and "bumpings off" such as had intruded on her happiness before. So she let him hold her hands off stage as well as on.

Soon Miss Worth had managed to forget the romance that led to an untimely grave and the one that had ended in an equally untimely cell. When she danced with her newest true love, an uneasy instinct sometimes made her reach down and slap any protuberance that might be on his hip. But it was never a gun, only the conventional flask. Therefore the course of true love ran smoothly enough toward the altar.

The other day Elaine decided to forget the past, and she was to marry Chapman the next morning, but once more there was an unhappy ending. After the performance Zee Zee hurried home to look over the trousseau she had assembled for her previous two strikes at matrimony. Chapman went to the apartment of Florence Bell, another member of the company, where, with Allen Hoffman, playwright, and several other stage folk, they had a little celebration of the coming event.

Chapman and Hoffman went to the playwright's apartment to spend the night. They were just getting into bed when someone rapped at the door. As Hoffman turned the latch, the door was kicked open by two tough-looking characters who had called once before. On the previous occasion they had glanced past Hoffman, seen that nobody else was there and departed with some muttered explanation. This time they saw Chapman and forced their way in.

"What do you want?" demanded Hoffman.

"We want liquor!" one of them growled.

"There is none here," answered Hoffman. "Get out!"

There was a flash of brass knuckles. Hoffman was stretched on the floor and, as in the Ferri case, no one knows exactly what occurred next. Paul Bernard, the janitor, from the floor below heard the thud of Hoffman's fall, a shuffling sound, another thud at the bottom of the light well, and feet scurrying downstairs. Looking down the light well he saw the body of Chapman and reached Hoffman's apartment in time to see him stagger to his feet.

The police found the sill of the open window to the light well scratched by the frantic fingers of Chapman where he had evidently clawed and grappled for his life when the visitors started to throw him out. They had then apparently beaten him until he let go and fell to his death.

Again the weeping Elaine could not tell the police why her lover had been killed and it remains more of a mystery even than the other murder. Robert Chapman came of excellent family, the son of one prominent California attorney and the brother of another. What connection his death had with gangland, only gangland knows and it is not telling.

"Three strikes and out!" says Elaine who has given away her unlucky trousseau, hope chest and all.

No woman in San Francisco sympathizes with Elaine Worth more than Dale Winter, who came to California after a heart-breaking experience in Chicago. Miss Winter some years ago went to Chicago to study music. She had a beautiful voice and soon established herself in the choir of the exclusive South Park Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. Someway the beautiful and talented little choir-girl met James J. ("Diamond Jim") Colosimo, keeper of Chicago's most notorious underworld restaurant.

Colosimo was wealthy, a leader in all underworld activities and a forerunner of the sinister gangsters of today. Dale Winter was fascinated by him and was easily persuaded to give up her church music for a position as singer in Colosimo's cafe. Colosimo eventually divorced the wife of his youth and married Dale.

Hardly had the wedding festivities ceased when Colosimo met the fate of all Chicago's underworld leaders. He was mysteriously shot and killed one afternoon in his restaurant, empty of patrons at that early hour. Dale was wild with grief. Some time later she went to San Francisco, entered the famous Alcazar stock company and soon rose to a leading position. She married Henry Duffy, also a featured player. But she never has returned to Chicago.

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How Science Unravels Crime Mysteries in the Foreign Detective Police Laboratories

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, of the French Secret Police, Gives Details of Remarkable Cases, With Photographs of the Evidence from the Official Records

NOTHING in the imaginary adventures of fiction, Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin, are more fascinating than the real-life experiences of M. Ashton-Wolfe, of the famous Surete (the French detective police) and Scotland Yard expert.

Born in England, his early boyhood spent in America and educated in France and Germany, with a strain of Spanish blood in his veins and a face and figure which might suggest almost any nationality, Ashton-Wolfe was especially equipped by nature to play almost any part in unraveling international criminal mysteries.

With the rare gift of quickly acquiring languages and speaking them as mother tongues, he was able to successfully disguise himself as an American, an Englishman, a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, or a South American—a vitally important linguistic equipment which often stood him in good stead and, indeed, more than once saved his life.

On this page today and in subsequent chapters Ashton-Wolfe emerges from the rigid secrecy of the detective bureaus of Monte Carlo, France and Scotland Yard, and reveals the fascinating work behind the scenes in the Underworld of the great European capitals, and explains how this modern real-life Sherlock Holmes dealt with many of the most perplexing criminal-mysteries of modern times.

Foremost nation of the world in almost every field of human endeavor, America lags behind in the efficiency of its detective police. In no city in the United States is there a complete scientific laboratory for the exhaustive study of every possible kind of incriminating evidence; no detectives who know what to do with intricate clues when they see them.

If the cases given on these pages by Mr. Ashton-Wolfe had come before the police of *any* American city, it is probable that every one of them would have been pigeon-holed among the long and increasing list of unsolved crimes.

Madame Marcelle Cabasson, Wife of the Resourceful Murderer.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Of the Paris Surete, the French Detective Police

CHAPTER I.

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AS I hurried down the dingy stairs from the Bertillon laboratories, in the Paris Police Headquarters, it seemed to me that a voice called my name; but I had worked through the night and was eager for breakfast and a rest, so for once I feigned not to hear. The vast Palace of Justice through which I was compelled to pass was already crowded with barristers, walking in groups and smoking cigarettes, or conferring in undertones with their clients. A dull roar of voices echoed and rumbled through the "hall of lost footsteps"; meaningless, savage, sinister and pregnant with all the woes of mankind battling with the law; that Moloch whose fiery breath scorched innocent and guilty alike.

Halted a moment as the doors slammed shut behind me, inhaling the morning air, I gazed with relief at the spacious street thronged with men and women hastening to their daily toil. But I was not to escape so soon. When I reached the main gate I saw with dismay that a Surete car had stopped at the curb and a hand was beckoning me to approach. In the car were Dufresne and Colbert and Inspector Rousseau, who was nicknamed the Brigadier, all of the Surete, the French Detective Police.

"Come along!" Inspector Rousseau cried cheerily, evidently enjoying my annoyance. "You are just in time. A drive to the river will do you good."

"But I've worked all night," I retorted, "and I want some coffee."

Rousseau looked at me with feigned surprise.

"When I joined the criminal section," he remarked, "I was informed that my hours were midnight to midnight. Was it not so with you?"

M. Dufresne laughed at this home thrust.

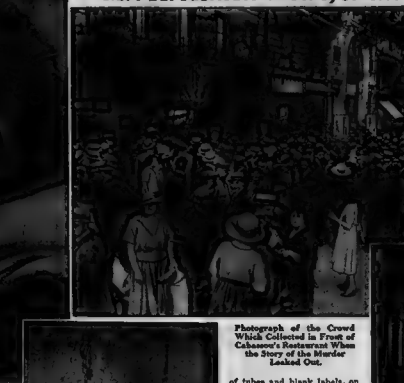
"We are all in the same boat," he said. "But we'll stop at a cafe on the way for breakfast. Bertillon cannot arrive before ten—and we can do little without him. Jump in."

"What is it, then?" I asked, as we glided swiftly toward the Champs Elysees.

"I know very little," Rousseau growled. "A police officer arrived an hour ago, and related that the body of a man had been found in the Bois, near the St. Cloud Cafe. You had just gone when I telephoned, so I sent for your outfit; the driver has it."

After a hurried cup of coffee and rolls at the Port Maillot, where a policeman was waiting to guide us, we made good speed through the wide avenues of the deserted Bois de Boulogne. Near the racecourse our driver turned to the left and stopped the car on the edge of a narrow path, where two gendarmes stood on guard. A few minutes later M. Bertillon came hurrying toward us accompanied by one of my colleagues.

A bulky package, tied with stout ropes, was lying under some bushes. It contained the body of a man, doubled up and wrapped in tarred paper. It was obvious at once that the poor fellow had been murdered. Hair and face were streaked with blood and a gaping wound indicated that he had been felled from behind by a blow from a club or a hammer. The man was dressed only in shirt and trousers, but a vest, jacket, collar and tie, were in the parcel under the body.



Some of the Bloodstains on the Stairs. (From Official Photograph at the French Police)

Photograph of the Crowd Which Collected in Front of Cabasson's Restaurant When the Story of the Murder Leaked Out.

Bertillon gazed in silence at the gruesome discovery, then he scrutinized the ground, the bushes and the path, making a mental photograph of the scene.

"Whoever deposited that package at this spot must be a giant in strength," he exclaimed turning to me. "At a rough guess, judging by his size, and adding the rope and paper, that poor devil must weigh over a hundred and seventy pounds, and we all know what it means to handle a limp, inert body. For although he may have carried it on his back at first, he certainly lifted it in his arms and placed it carefully on the ground. Moreover, he must have come some distance with his burden; the ground is soft from the recent rains, but there is no trace of wheels. The murderer evidently realized the risk he would run if he used a vehicle."

"Yet he could not have walked with that huge bundle from Paris," I observed, "or many people would have seen him."

Bertillon pointed to the river. "That was his highway, I'll wager. Stay here; I'll see if there are any marks on the bank. Don't approach that spot."

Step by step my chief walked toward the Seine, which flowed past not far away. Half an hour elapsed while we waited in silence. I saw by his expression when he returned that what he had seen was of little value to us.

"A clever scoundrel," Bertillon cried. "He used a motor boat, I imagine; the keel has bitten deeply into the shore, and he tied a thick cloth or a blanket over his boots—the impressions are huge and quite shapeless. That explains why there are no footprints here. The murder was committed at least a week ago, and the body has lain hidden on the assassin's premises. It was brought here some time after midnight."

"How do you know that?" M. Dufresne asked astonished.

"Because it rained heavily all the week, and rain fell yesterday until about midnight, yet you see that the paper and the clothes are quite dry. Moreover rain would have effaced even those inchoate footprints I saw on the bank. Now—get some test tubes ready—only the inevitable traces on the body can help us."

I handed my chief a box containing a number of tubes and blank labels, on which I inscribed whences the contents had been taken as he returned them to me. Bertillon's first care was to examine the matted hair, thick with congealed blood, and from it he removed some grit, particles of yellow sawdust and fragments of what I gathered were sand and coal. Last of all he detached several hairs and a tiny piece of cardboard.

Tellier, the Murdered Man.

"Give me the portable microscope," he said, "and move the rays of your projector slowly over the whole surface of the cotton shirt."

While Rousseau connected a cable with the battery in the car, I adjusted the tripod. It was a new device Bertillon had conceived. A short arc, enormously magnified by complex lenses and reflectors, produced a concentrated beam of dazzling brilliancy which could be focused to any angle. This ray my chief followed with a microscope attached to his head by a mask which excluded all extraneous light and also left his hands free. Suddenly, as the beam fell on the left shoulder, Bertillon held up his hand.

"Give me a collodion slip, there are some parasites or insects here—they are too small for the tweezers."

Carefully he pressed the sticky glass slide on a round stain and then handed it to me to pack. Finally, he straightened up with a sigh. "That is all, I'm afraid. I have rarely seen a case where there were so few indications. Remove the body to the mortuary," he added, turning to Rousseau, "and ask Doctor Maupert to let me have a report at once. Circulate the dead man's photograph and his measurements among our inspectors, and send the clothes in special waxed paper to the laboratory. You, Monsieur Dufresne, will, I suppose, begin your inquiries up and down the river. This is going to be a difficult investigation. Remember—the murderer is extraordinarily cunning and athletic. He used a boat and must have landed after midnight. I can say nothing more for the moment. Heaven knows whether we shall even be able to identify the victim. Keep the details of this discovery out of the papers until we know more."

The minute work at headquarters was extremely trying. Our first care was to analyze the tiny traces we had gathered, and these were few, queer, to say the least. In the hair, which, although still dark at its roots, was gray at the points, were fragments of coal, sand and sawdust. The microscope proved the coal to be anthracite, the sand silicate, ferruginous silicate and quartz, and the sawdust, when split with a microtome, turned out to be composed of pine and oak. The stains on the shirt were also coal, intermingled with traces of mildew. When I carried my report to my chief I found him at work on the collodion slide. He looked up as I entered and gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"When you come to classify this case," he said, "label it 'The Clue of the Anophthalmi'! I know you revel in the dramatic."

"Anophthalmi!" I said in surprise. "That means 'something without eyes,' doesn't it?"

"Yes—the two tiny insects we found on the shirt are a species of blind beetle. Moreover, they are quite colorless—absolutely devoid of pigment. They've bred for generations in the dark. Taken together with the coal and sand, I should say that it proves the body was hidden for a time in a cellar or a vault. It only remains to find out if this deduction is correct."

"A simple matter," I remarked sarcastically. "We have merely to search every house in Paris and the suburbs until we discover such a cellar."

My chief frowned. "I see you forget the formulae that apply to every premeditated murder—Who profits by the crime?' and 'Seek the woman.' One or the other will lead us to that cellar. Go now and see what else the clothes will reveal. Search for tailors' tabs and manufacturers' names. We can do nothing until the dead man has been identified."

"The papers have been authorized to publish his description?" I hazarded.

"No—I have requested them not to do so. On the contrary, the Journal has merely stated, at my suggestion, that the body of a man, probably a foreigner, has been found. We must go very warily to work or the criminal will slip away."

The rest of the day was spent searching for further clues. A piece cut at random from each garment was placed in tubes of sterilized water and allowed to macerate, and the resulting liquid was strained in a centrifugal machine. The deposits from each tube were then spread on sterilized slides and examined under a powerful microscope. Thus we found that the coat and vest were covered with an abundance of saccharomyces cerevisiae; in other words, the bacilli of ale-yeast and fermentation. But no such bacilli were discovered on the shreds cut from the trousers or boots. Bertillon studied them carefully when I placed enlarged photographs of the cultures before him.

"Yes," he said, "the body was dressed in shirt and trousers only. The coat and vest were therefore hidden in another spot, where wine or beer was probably stored. Thus we may safely affirm that the murderer had access to several cellars. Paris, already a drinking city, is opening up. The use of a boat makes it obvious that the house is near the river. There are also deposits of coal, sand and drink in the cellars, and firewood has probably been sawn there from logs of pine and oak. When we find these cellars the bloodstains on the floor and walls will constitute a further proof, for the wound must have bled abundantly. Rousseau and Colbert are combing all riverside districts, and will show a reconstructed picture of the murdered man to every concierge. Soon we shall know who he was and where he lived.

"Unfortunately for us, he was evidently not married," he continued, "or his wife would already have reported his disappearance. I have no doubt that the police will soon be able to identify the victim. Keep the details of this discovery out of the papers until we know more."

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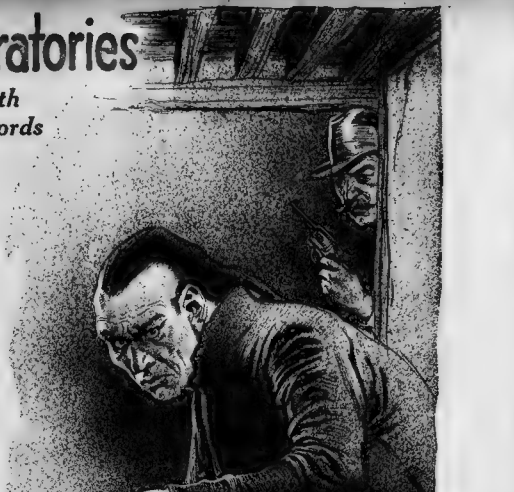
Mr. Ashton-Wolfe (Right) and Inspector Rousseau Dressed as Loafers While Searching for Cabasson in the Haunts of the Paris Criminals.

The Anophthalmi, or Blind Beetle, Enormously Enlarged and Traced to Make It Possible to Photograph Them.

Fungus of Alcohol Fermentation Under the Microscope.

Crystals of Hematine-Iodine Obtained From the Bloodstains, Which Proved Them to Be Human Blood.

Sling-Shot Cabasson Used to Stun His Victim. (From Official Photograph)



"Half-past seven, I heard him mutter. 'If only she will come! I must see her, I must!'"

"My skin crept at the words, for they were not spoken in the strident voice of which Bertillon had spoken; instead the intonation was deep and guttural. What happened then was like a horrid dream.

"With a quick gesture the man pulled at his hands as though removing gloves, and the white skin and long nails came away together and were flung on the table. A wig of shining black hair followed."

Continued on Page 23

Passion Island by Juanita Savage

The Story of a Coquette Who Was Tamed at Last

"Blast you!" Burst Out Howes With Sudden Ferocity, and Took a Step Toward Hilary, Only to Be Brought Up With a Jerk by Ugi.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL JOAN ALLISON, step-daughter of Sir Antony and Lady Tregarva, has a reputation as a siren whose chief amusement is breaking men's hearts. Her career is brought to a crisis when Peter Merrifield commits suicide for love of her, and his wife publicly denounces Joan as a vampire and threatens to revenge her husband's death.

To allow the scandal time to blow over, Joan accepts an invitation from the wealthy Vanderings, of San Francisco, for a yachting cruise to the South Seas. Miriam Merrifield follows her to America and almost succeeds in stabbing her before she is rescued by Hilary Sterling, the owner of a pearl fishery on the tropical island of Muava, called Passion Island by the natives. They become inseparable and Sterling falls in love with Joan.

When he tells her passionately of his love she repulses him and he denounces her as a heartless siren and tells her that his love-making was not serious. Joan is furious that anyone should attempt to trifle with her. But Hilary is really desperately in love and is only playing a part to try to hide his own hurt.

When the Vanderings' yacht Frisco Belle reaches the South Seas, Joan is ready to surrender to love, but when she meets Hilary again, he mocks her about the happenings in San Francisco and she determines to make him fall in love with her and then humiliate him as he has humiliated her.

Sterling kidnaps her in a motorboat and starts for Passion Island, vowing to teach her the meaning of love and suffering. Peter Merrifield was his best friend and he intends to avenge him. Joan is ready to confess her love, but when they land on Passion Island, she is afraid to because Hilary boasts that he will win her love and then toss it aside.

The natives hold a festival in Joan's honor, and after it is over Hilary tells her that they have been married by the native witch-doctors.

He makes violent love to her and she finally confesses that she has loved him all the time.

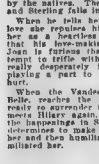
The next morning Hilary treats her indifferently and when she begs for his love he tells her that he is avenging Peter Merrifield and now she must try to win it.

Furious, she escapes with Rena, her native maid, in the motorboat in driven ashore on a distant part of the island, and falls into the hands of Blackbird Doyle and Kellock Howes, white outlaws and ruthless enemies of Hilary. They take her to their fortress and Howes sets out for Sterling's part of the island.

When Doyle tries to force his attentions on Joan she knocks him unconscious with a bottle and escapes to the loft above the fortress. That night, during a terrific storm, she tries to slip past Blackbird, but he catches and knows her just as Sterling bursts into the room. He overpowers Doyle after a fight, and with the assistance of one of his natives gets Joan back to Ulava, where Howes is a captive.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Joan Intercedes.



HILARY sat silent until Ugi appeared, with his murderous knife in his hand, bustling along Kellock Howes in front of him. Howes looked decidedly the worse for wear. His clothes were crumpled and filthy, his weasel-like face was dirty, and there was several days' growth of sandy hair on his chin. His pale, cunning eyes widened slightly at sight of Joan, then a relieved expression came over his face.

"Glad ter see yer got back orlright, lady," he exclaimed, showing his prominent yellow teeth in a forced smile. "I knew my partner wouldn't make no trouble about lettin' yer go when 'e 'eard 'is old pal Kellock 'Owes was in danger."

"Oh, I can assure you it required quite a lot of inducement to persuade your friend Blackbird Doyle to let the lady go!" remarked Hilary. "What is it you wish to say to me? Better not get excited, or Ugi behind you may forget himself and use his knife."

"Wot d'ye mean by treatin' a white man like this, Mr. Sterling?" demanded Howes. "Yer promised faithful yer'd let me go if I told yer where ter find yer missus and yet although yer've got 'er back safe ori through me, yer keeps me shut up in a place no better'n a pig sty and damages the prestige of the white race by lettin' natives come round jabberin' wot they'll do to me. As one white man to another, Mr. Sterling, I asks yer, is it fair? Yer promised ter let me go if yer got back, and y'are back safe with yer missus, thanks to me, so I 'olds yer to yer promise."

"I did not promise to let you go, Howes," said Sterling curtly. "All I promised to do was to refrain from killing you. On your own admission, let me remind you, you and your partner Doyle intended to hold Miss Allison—er—this lady to ransom and to demand part of L'lava from me as the price of her freedom."

"Well, wot about it?" blustered Howes. "Miss Allison, or Mrs. Sterling, or whoever the lady 'ere is, offered us ten thousand quid if we'd help 'er to get away from you, so we are doing yer a favor by offerin' to make a deal. Now, ain't that true, lady?" he added, appealing to Joan. "Didn't yer offer me an' Blackbird Doyle five thousand quid each if we'd get yer away from Muava?"

"Perfectly true," said Joan steadily, "and I would have kept to my bargain. What you have omitted to mention, however, is that when you and Doyle had got Mr. Sterling to your fortress, you intended to overpower him, hand him over to the tender mercies of your cannibal tribe and then take possession of this place and the pearl fishery. I was to be a sort of decoy, and you had no intention of setting me at liberty. On the contrary, you had arranged to share me, but your friend Blackbird Doyle intended to go back on that part of the bargain and keep me for himself. You, he boasted, are only his jackal."

Kellock Howes changed color under his grime and nervously licked his lips.

"That ain't true, lady," he protested. "I mean the bit about doin' in Mr. Sterlin' and not lettin' you go. I was goin' ter play straight, I was, I gives yer my word, and if Blackbird Doyle said things like you say about me, I'll 'ave it out with 'im!"

"So that was your little game, was it?" exclaimed Hilary, his expression grim, his eyes glinting like polished steel. "I suspected something of the sort, and I'm sorry now that I didn't let Ugi cut the throat of your precious partner in crime. I've a mind to do as you intended to do with me, and hand you over to the tender mercies of my tribe, you rat!"

"'Ere, none of that, Mr. Sterling!" cried Howes, obviously scared. "I've never done you no 'arm, and never intended ter do you or yer missus no 'arm. Let me go, and I'll promise yer I'll kill Blackbird Doyle for tryin' ter work the double cross on me. Remember yer promised ter let me go if I told yer where the lady was and yer got 'er back. Yer'd never 'ave found 'er if it wasn't for me. As one white man to another, Mr. Sterling, I 'olds yer to yer promise."

"A white man!" exclaimed Hilary with bitter contempt. "If you are a white man, I should feel flattered if I were called a native. I repeat that all I promised to do was to spare your life. What I propose to do is to keep you in custody here, and hand you over to the British authorities at the first opportunity. If the captain of the trading vessel which is now about due will not take you aboard as a prisoner, he will gladly take a message to the British destroyer which I heard was cruising in these seas and may call here."

"Blast you!" burst out Howes with sudden ferocity, and took a step towards Hilary, only to be brought up with a jerk by Ugi, who seized him by the scruff of the neck and put the edge of his murderous-looking knife to his throat, darting an inquiring glance at his master as he did so.

A nod from Sterling and Howes would have been a dead man. Joan cried out involuntarily, and Hilary held up his hand and snapped out an order to Ugi, who reluctantly let go his hold and lowered his knife.

"I warned you, Howes, that if you got excited, Ugi might use his knife," said Hilary calmly. "Incidentally, cursing me won't do you any good."

Howes swallowed hard, licked his thin lips again, took an uneasy glance over his shoulder at Ugi, and controlled himself with an obvious effort.

"Sorry, sir, but—but you upset me," he said rather unsteadily. "You ain't got no power to keep me prisoner, and the British authorities ain't got nothink ter do with me. I'm a' American citizen, I am, and claims the protection of the Stars an' Stripes."

"I'll take the risk of causing international complications," commented Hilary dryly. "Even if you were an American, which you certainly are not, that does not protect you from arrest for crimes committed on British and French territory."

"'Ere, Mr. Sterling, for heaven's sake, let me go!" cried Howes, now thoroughly alarmed. "I ain't never done you no 'arm, and it was Blackbird Doyle's idear and not mine ter make yer pay and do yer in. 'E drove me to it, and if you'll let me go I'll do 'im for tryin' ter work the double cross. 'Strewth I will! I ain't done you no 'arm, and you ain't got no call ter be so 'ard on me."

"Oh, no, you've never done me any harm, Howes, with the exception, of trying to shoot me on three occasions, trying with Doyle to take forcible possession of my pearl fishery, and endeavoring to stir up the natives against me," Hilary retorted sardonically. "Quite apart from that, however, I know you are wanted by the authorities for a score of crimes, and I should be lacking in my duty if I did not deliver you up to justice."

Howes turned to Joan, flinging out his grimy hands appealingly.

"Don't let 'im give me up, miss," he pleaded. "I done my best for yer, and it was through me you was brought back 'ere."

"I don't consider that is anything to be grateful for," said Joan, conscious of the fact that Hilary was looking at her. "Still, whatever your crimes have been, I don't think you can have been guilty of breaking a woman's heart after professing to be in love with her."

"No, miss, I swear I 'ain't never done nothink of the sort," Howes said, bewildered but anxious. "I never was much of an 'and with the women, and I dunno exactly wot yer gettin' at. But tell 'im—Mr. Sterling, I mean—ter let me go, and I won't never trouble none of yer again, and I'll see to it that Blackbird Doyle don't give yer no trouble neither."

Joan could not but feel sorry for the little wretch, and she turned her head to meet Sterling's inscrutable eyes.

"Why not let him go?" she asked. "What will you gain by handing him over to the authorities? You forget, perhaps, that you have committed a crime yourself?"

"A crime?" repeated Hilary, and laughed. "Not so, dear lady, only an act of justice. However, if you ask me to set Howes free I will do so, on condition—"

"Ask 'im, miss, ask 'im!" broke in Howes appealingly, and suddenly flopped down on his knees in front of Joan, who cried out in startled protest as Ugi again menaced him with his knife.

"I do ask you, Hilary," she exclaimed. "Let him go."

"And you will!" said Hilary, with a shrug of his big shoulders, after a moment of hesitation. "You are free to go back to your fellow criminal and outlaw, Howes, and I hope you will remember your promise to cut Blackbird Doyle's throat. Ugi, you belong let white fella mad man go walk long way too much where he belong, no be cross along him."

He added a few words in the native tongue, and Ugi puffed out his cheeks and stepped back looking very disappointed as Kellock Howes rose to his feet.

"Thank yer, miss, thank yer, sir," said the little Cockney. "I knew yer wouldn't do the dirty on a white man after wot I done for you, and I gives yer my word as a Englishman—I means as a American citizen—that I won't 'arf 'ave things out with old Blackbird for tryin' ter double-cross me. I suppose yer couldn't oblige me with a new suit, Mr. Sterling, could yer? And if yer could gimmie a drink and a fag I'd be grateful. . . ."

A short time later, Kellock Howes, washed, shaven, clad in a drill suit presented to him by Sterling from his store, and with a tin of cigarettes in his pocket, had been conducted by natives to the borders of Hilary's estate and there driven into the jungle to find his own way back to Doyle and the fortress. Joan and Hilary were seated at lunch, but although Suka, had excelled himself and served up some special delicacies in honor of the return of Joan and his master, the young white couple did not seem to be enjoying their meal and scarcely talked at all. Joan kept her eyes on her plate most of the time, but was conscious that Hilary seldom took his eyes off her face.

Actually Joan did enjoy the meal and vintage wine served with it, appreciated the dainty manner in which everything was served, and was contrasting mentally the refinement of her surroundings with the roughness and crudeness of the jungle fortress. But she had no feeling of content or happiness, and she was still angry with Hilary and apprehensive as to how he would treat her. The very fact that he did not attempt to engage her in conversation added to her resentment.

Not until the meal was over and Ugi had served coffee and liqueurs on the veranda did there come a break in the constrained silence. Hilary lit a cigarette and seated himself on the rail in front of Joan, who had ensconced herself in a wicker chair and was sipping her coffee.

"Doesn't it occur to you, Joan, that I am entitled to some sort of explanation?" he inquired in his drawling voice. "On the morning after telling me you loved me you dash away to sea in a motorboat, and when I find you, you are in the arms of Blackbird Doyle, my most deadly enemy."

The hot color surged into Joan's lovely face, then quickly ebbed again, leaving her very pale, as she looked up and met his searching glance.

"Do you pretend to have forgotten that you mocked at me and insulted me beyond pardon that morning?" she responded passionately. "What explanation do you need except that I wanted to get away from you and did not care what happened to me?"

"I should like to have an explanation as to why you were embracing Blackbird Doyle when Ugi and I found you," drawled Hilary. "You need not pretend you were trying to resist, for your arms were around his neck and he was kissing you. The ruling passion for making men fall in love with you evidently continued to assert itself even in the heart of the jungle and during a terrific tropical storm, despite the fact that I had tried to teach you a lesson!"

"I refuse even to attempt to explain," exclaimed Joan.

"Sorry, but I am afraid I must insist," persisted Hilary. "Remember you are my wife, and that a husband is entitled to an explanation if he finds his wife in the arms of another man even in Muava. A native of the place, of course, would not ask for an explanation, but would simply cut the woman's throat and use the other man's head to decorate the outside of his hut. Civilisation has its drawbacks!"

"Why trouble about civilization?" countered Joan. "You are not civilized. No civilized man would have treated me as you did on the morning that I tried to escape from you."

Hilary sighed, ran his fingers through his hair, then threw away his cigarette

(Continued on Page 16)

Kellock Howes Had Been Conducted By Natives to the Borders of Hilary's Estate and There Driven Into the Jungle.

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Bedroom Beauty and Comfort can be Achieved at Little Cost

HOOKED RUGS!

Their History and Use Today

by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who is a connoisseur of Early American antiques.

HOOKED RUGS! These magic words conjure up before us pictures of old fire-lit kitchens of Colonial days, the enormous fireplaces from which the brightly burning logs shed a soft glow through the room, the old cranes, and iron kettles, and on the walls the brightly shining copper and pewter dishes, the old pine settles and dressers, and making the warmth and color of the room, hooked rugs on the floor!

During the past few years, with the interest which has grown in early American furniture, we have naturally turned to the study of the early hooked rugs, many of which we have found in our old houses. The origin of these rugs in our country is shrouded in mystery but they appeared early in the 19th Century, and some are said to be of an even earlier date. These early rugs are interesting to us as an expression of the craving for beauty in their homes which was as prevalent among our pioneer ancestors as it is today.

If we are interested in how these rugs were made, we find that burlap was used as a foundation, or home spun linen, in some cases loosely woven wool, and the material, whatever it might be, was hooked through in a pattern which the maker herself created.

The early designs were taken, of course, from the scenes of daily life—flowers, animals, houses, figures, all appeared in the early rugs. The geometric designs came, in all probability, in a later period and one sees in some of the larger rugs, designs which lead one to think that the maker was probably copying the French Aubusson carpets which at one time were imported from France.

There is no rug better suited to the American home, either of the cottage type or where early American furniture or early English furniture is used. They can be used particularly well in bedrooms where their cheerful designs and colors are very acceptable. I know of one room furnished with two early American maple beds, a tavern table and stool used as a dressing table and other pieces of furniture of the period, which has as its floor covering a very interesting group of rugs, two of which are of an old brick design and two with an old Greek geometric design.

Restful and Harmonious.

I doubt very much if these rugs are really old but they are made by hand, the colors were evidently dyed in the old way and were well chosen. The designs are restful and the whole room is harmonious and speaks of good taste, and an understanding of the repose of life.

Country living rooms and dining rooms can make use of both the larger sized and the smaller sized rugs. The more formal patterns are of course more suitable in these rooms but the gay colors will blend in well with the views from any country window, and in the busy city, they would serve as a reminder that some day, you may go gaily jaunting in a landscape reminiscent of your hooked rugs at home.

A Colonial Bedroom of Quaint Dignity

Mrs. John Wanamaker III

Daguerreotypes, a mahogany candle lamp with an etched glass shade, and hooked rugs help create the perfect setting for a Simmons Windsor Bed in the Philadelphia home of Mrs. John Wanamaker III.

Steel-braced frame of seasoned lumber, a greater number of finely-tempered wire coils, each tied by hand *eight times* with sturdy Italian hemp. Clean, new upholstery, damask covers, stitched sides, taped edges. Reasonably priced besides!

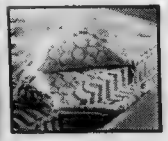
Marvelously Resilient!

SIMMONS ACE BOX SPRING **$42.50**

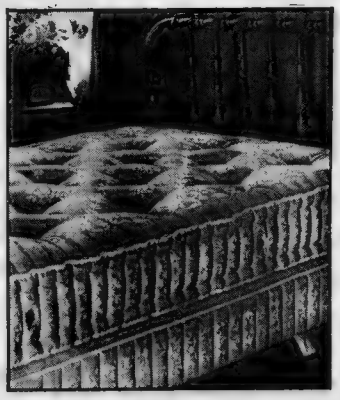
The name "Simmons" on beds and bedding means, as women all over the country have come to know, superior construction, longer wear, more luxurious comfort. So it is that Simmons Ace Springs are following the famous Beautyrest Mattresses into thousands of American homes, where they are making a reputation for themselves for longer years of greater buoyancy.

Superb Comfort—Tailored Finish

make it the choice for nearly a Million Homes



The inside of the Beautyrest, showing the individually pocketed, resilient coils that fill it all the way to the edges where they are stitched in place to keep the sides firm, uncrushable. The cloth pockets make possible the separate action of each spring, giving complete support to the body at all times. Thick upholstery, smart damask covers.



THE MARVELOUS SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS

What makes it the choice of homemakers everywhere? What has Simmons built into the Beautyrest that makes it so superior to the ordinary mattress? Comfort first, for its unique inner construction insures complete rest, sleep that leaves you refreshed, invigorated. And then smart finish—stunning damask covers in a choice of two patterns, six colors, neatly stitched sides, taped edges—a trim appearance!

Every 54 seconds one more Beautyrest in someone's home

$39.50

WINDSOR BEDS BY SIMMONS

Are Adaptable to Rooms of Many Types

Quaint Colonial and Luxurious Modern Settings Use Them with Equal Charm

THERE is a sturdiness, a graceful simplicity about Windsor Beds that make them adaptable to rooms of many types. They create an atmosphere of quaint charm when used with Early American antiques or good reproductions, while their smart fluidity of line and simplified detail combine beautifully with furniture of more modern types.

Mrs. John Wanamaker III chose a Simmons Windsor Bed for her Ardmore home. This delightful house, which lies in a suburb just outside of Philadelphia, has been furnished with old family heirlooms in mahogany. The graceful Windsor Bed, No. 1590, is finished in mahogany, too, and blends beautifully with the ruddy glow of the old chests and night tables.

A Harmonious Bed.

It is dressed in rose-sprigged lawn, ruffled and frivolous as grandmother's crinoline. And two old daguerreotypes in heavy gilt frames hang at the head of the bed and give their benison to the room.

Mrs. Wanamaker is delighted with her Windsor Bed from Simmons. She says, "it is most harmonious with my old mahogany. Its lines have the same simplicity and sturdy dignity that characterize the furniture of Colonial days—while its slender spindles have a charming delicacy."

The Windsor Bed is equally at home in the more formal town house. In this Washington home, which is the scene of many important gatherings of governmental and diplomatic society, it forswears lawn and hooked rugs and finds a cosmopolitan setting.

The walls are painted robins' egg blue, that delicious blue that has stolen the coolness of green. At the windows are gay curtains of yellow glazed chintz piped with blue to match the walls, with tie backs of opalescent glass.

The dressing table, Louis XVI chaise longue and bergere are hung and covered with a toile de Jouy, which mingles mellow browns with blues. Little red lacquered tables and a tiny wall bookcase give accents of bright color.

The bed is finished most charmingly with a flounced and scalloped bedspread of yellow taffeta striped and piped in blue, to match the curtains.

So very adaptable are these charming Windsor Beds that Miss Mary Brown Warburton chose one of them for her room in her Palm Beach home. Spanish in the treatment of its stucco walls and in its brilliant rugs, it has a truly cosmopolitan air with its complement of French furniture—a Louis Seize commode, French walnut tables, red and gold lacquered stools, arm chairs cushioned in jade silk. A taffeta draped dressing-table has a mirror large enough to reflect the whole lovely room. Book shelves with Miss Warburton's favorite authors line the wall on either side of her comfortable Simmon's Windsor Bed in Walnut finish which is in perfect harmony with its pleasant and individual surroundings.

Simmons Beds $10 to $60

Windsor Beds $12 to $25

Long Wearing!

Resilient coils of finely-tempered wire firmly secured by small governor springs; a smooth finished border to protect your sheets; stabilizers, an exclusive Simmons innovation to prevent side-sway; and the whole with a clean painted rust-proof surface—these are the superior qualities of

SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING **$19.75**

Quaintly Appealing!

Simmons "Spool" Beds Have a Definite Charm

You find them in so many Early American interiors, these simple, graceful "spool" beds. They were ushered in by the Industrial Revolution which first made it possible to have smoothly "turned" furniture. This Simmons "Spool" Bed is a replica of a genuine antique. It has all the charm of the original, reproduced at a price which makes it possible for any lover of fine lines and mellow beauty in furniture to own it. Beautifully turned, finished in walnut or maple perfectly grained, or painted sea green, ivory trimmed.

"SPOOL" BEDS **$28 to $37.50**

You can buy Simmons merchandise in all the better furniture and department stores

SIMMONS

World's largest manufacturers of

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES

The Simmons Company

New York · Chicago

Atlanta · San Francisco

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Passion Island by Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 14)

as if it had suddenly become distasteful.

"You persist in avoiding the point," he said curtly. "I insist on knowing what happened between you and Doyle, and whether there was any truth in what that scoundrel said. Joan, you must explain! Remember, I found you in the blackguard's arms!"

"Well, what is that to you?" demanded Joan defiantly, springing from her chair and facing him. "As you only brought me here to revenge yourself on me, what does it matter what happened? You are at liberty to believe what you like. If your idea was to humiliate me and degrade me, you can congratulate yourself on having succeeded. Was it only to humiliate me further that you went to the trouble of rescuing me? Since you despise me so much and vengeance was your one thought, why didn't you content yourself with gloating over the thought that I had fallen into the hands of outlaws and cannibals who would show me no mercy?"

Joan was flushed with indignation, but Hilary had gone pale and he winced as if in pain, biting his lips before responding.

"The explanation is that I love you, Joan," he said at last, very quietly, and put his hands on Joan's shoulders.

She started back from him, startled by his action and the unexpected answer.

"Don't imagine you can fool me again, Hilary," she exclaimed, recovering herself. "If you had any love or respect for me you would never have taunted and humiliated me as you did, and nothing will induce me now to believe you love me."

"Do you love me?" asked Hilary, still in the same quiet voice.

"No, no, no! A thousand times no!" cried Joan hotly and impulsively. "I hate and despise you for the shameful, cowardly way in which you treated me, and nothing will ever induce me to forgive you."

"So love still means nothing to you, and even suffering has taught you nothing!" said Hilary. "When you confessed that you loved me and surrendered, you were still playing a part and saving your pride, I suppose? Perhaps you were under the impression that you had only pretended to be in love with me for having conquered you, that you would be able to make me your slave again and twist me round your little finger, so to speak?"

CHAPTER XXV.

"I Love You!"

JOAN caught her breath and crimsoned anew, remembering that on the fateful morning she had been flattering herself she would make Hilary drop his masterful air, bring him to his knees at her feet, as it were, and queen it over him. She wondered uneasily if he could read her thoughts.

"Listen to me, Joan," Hilary resumed, as she made no response. "When you trampled on my heart and spurned my love for the second time, at Bora Bora, I swore a solemn oath to myself that I would make you suffer as you had made me suffer."

"How very melodramatic!" remarked Joan, trying to speak lightly. "So now, I presume, you are going to flatter and congratulate yourself? And yet a few minutes ago you said you loved me!"

"I do love you," said Hilary firmly, "I loved you even when I made my vow and was trying to persuade myself that I hated you. I intended to explain everything and to ask pardon for having caused you pain, but when I hurried back from the pearl fishery you had gone. I do not ask your pardon now, for the lesson was obviously lost on you, and as you hate and despise me no explanation will ever induce you to forgive me. Love evidently still means nothing to you. Perhaps it is weakness on my part to tell you this and to admit I am still in love with you, but I want to prove—" he broke off with a useless laugh. "Yet what's the use?" he add. "It may be I am trying to prove too much."

She wanted to cry out that she loved him and was prepared to forgive anything—everything—but the fear that he was again acting a part in order to make mock of her kept her silent. Yet she watched him eagerly and with baited breath as he lit his cigarette, fervently hoping that he would turn and appeal for her love and forgiveness. His next words struck a chill to her heart.

"It may sound uncomplimentary, but my chief concern now is how to get rid of you," Hilary resumed. "Unless I am very much mistaken, there will be trouble in Muuva, and this will be no place for you, but how to get you away is the problem."

"What do you mean?" asked Joan.

"Ugi and I killed half a dozen of the jungle tribe, and their chief will want at least a life for a life," Hilary explained. "A tribal war, even on a very small scale, can be a most unpleasant business, I assure you, when both parties are more or less cannibals and head-hunters."

"Is there no way of preventing the trouble?" inquired Joan.

"No, I'm afraid not," Hilary replied. "I place no reliance on little Howes' promise to cut Blackbird Doyle's throat, and I know Doyle will incite his tribe to attack us, in the hope eventually of regaining possession of you, as well as making himself master of this place and the pearl fishery. So I am wondering how to get you away before the trouble starts."

"As I have evidently caused the trouble, I shall not be afraid to remain and see it through," said Joan, trying to assume an attitude of unconcern. "To be involved in a tribal battle between savages will be a new experience."

"And the prospect, perhaps, of again falling into the hands of Blackbird Doyle is not altogether distasteful?" queried Hilary, with a searching glance. "You have not yet offered any explanation or excuse for being in his arms with your arms round his neck."

"As you have already put your own construction on what you saw, it would be useless for me to attempt explanations," responded Joan, her face burning and her heart afire with resentment.

Hilary's eyes flamed, his big hands clenched, and for a moment Joan thought he was going to spring at her and felt her heart contract in terror. But the next moment the light had died out of his eyes and he was smiling wryly, smiling in a way Joan remembered a wounded soldier, suffering agonies, smiling on his deathbed in hospital.

"So, as you have no explanation to offer, I may assume what? That you are on the side of the enemy?" he asked, with another mockery of a laugh. "However, we are getting away from the subject. If you prefer to remain here, taking the risk of being either murdered by savages or falling into the hands of Blackbird Doyle again, if I happen to be killed and the bush tribe defeats my men, we need not discuss the matter further."

"What is the alternative?"

"The alternative is to make your escape, or endeavor to do so, in the remaining motorboat. You would have to go alone, of course, for I must remain to guard my property, and I fear it would be impossible to persuade any of the natives to accompany you. I might persuade some of them to sail with you, I mean alongside with you in their canoes or outriggers to pilot you for a mile or so, but that is about all. You will have to steer by the chart and take your chance of reaching another island or failing in with some vessel."

"That seems rather a forlorn hope," commented Joan, torn by conflicting emotions. "Didn't you say something to Howes about a trading vessel being due? Couldn't I lie by with that?"

"It may not arrive in time," responded Hilary, with a shrug. "Of course, if you care to remain and take the risk, I could have the motorboat in readiness so that you could dash away in it if the trouble breaks out before the vessel arrives. Incidentally, as you were so desperately anxious to get away from me before—so anxious that you set out in a storm without water or provisions—I am surprised that you do not jump at the chance of getting away in the remaining motorboat now."

"If I take your motorboat I shall be depriving you of your means of escape," said Joan lamely.

"Oh, please don't allow that to concern you," Hilary replied lightly. "It doesn't much matter what becomes of me now, and I have no particular desire to leave Muuva."

"And it doesn't matter what becomes of me now—now that you have taken your revenge and ruined my life!" exclaimed Joan, shaken by a sudden gust of passion.

It hurt and offended her deeply that Hilary seemed to believe that she had willingly kissed Blackbird Doyle and was willing to let her go, to let her risk her life alone in a motorboat in the forlorn hope of reaching some other island or encountering a trading vessel, although he had professed to be still in love with her. It hurt her sorely to think that he apparently believed she had earned the vile name Doyle had called her, did not understand it was because she loved him that she had tried to escape, and that he found it possible to believe that she had caressed another man. She began to pace agitatedly up and down the verandas, and Hilary watched her in silence for a few moments with a pained and puzzled expression in his steely gray eyes.

"If your love had been strong enough to stand the test to which you put mine, Joan, there would be no talk of your life being ruined," he said slowly, at length. "I put you to the same test that you did me at Bora Bora. Honors are even. Or it may be that the honors—if that is the right term—rest with you, since I am still in love with you and can never love anyone else, while love still means nothing to you and you retain the power of inducing men to make fools of themselves about you. Although you talk about your life being ruined, you will probably take up life where you left off if you get back to civilization, and continue to play havoc with the hearts of men. But in your heart of hearts, Joan, you will remember that one man conquered you."

Joan had come to a halt in front of him, her fair face flushed, her eyes flaming, her hands clenched.

"You tricked me into surrendering, by lying as you are lying now when you profess yourself still in love with me," she burst out passionately. "If you loved me, you would have forgiven everything, and would not have dreamed of hurting and humiliating me. If you loved me, you would have believed what I told you about Peter Merrnfield—and what I told you was true—and you would have had no thought of vengeance."

"I have told you, Joan, that I swore a solemn vow," broke in Hilary, but Joan scarcely heard him.

"If you love me you would not believe for a moment that I willingly kissed Backbird Doyle, and that I am some sort of vampire making a hobby of breaking men's hearts," she went on breathlessly. "You taunt me with not understanding the meaning of love, but you cannot know what it means yourself. Your idea of making me understand the meaning of love was to break me, humble me, and humiliate me. Oh! I feel as if I could kill you."

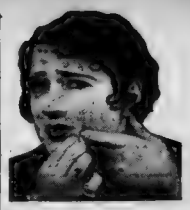
As she said the last words Joan turned and rushed into the house, into her bedroom, the door of which she slammed behind her, flung herself down on the bed and gave way to a storm of weeping, burying her face in the pillows to try to stifle the sound of her sobbing. The emotional storm soon spent itself, but Joan still lay face downward, her face buried in the pillows, which were wet with her tears.

"Oh, why doesn't he understand that it was because I love him so much and thought he was only pretending to love me that I tried to get away," she moaned, sitting up at last and groping blindly for a handkerchief to wipe her scalding eyes.

"Joan! You mean that you do love me?" cried Hilary.

Joan had not heard him enter the room, and she started violently and cried out, jumping to her feet and trying to blink away her tears. She was dazed, but her predominant sensation was shame that she had betrayed herself. She did not answer, but the next moment Hilary's arms

(Continued on Page 22)



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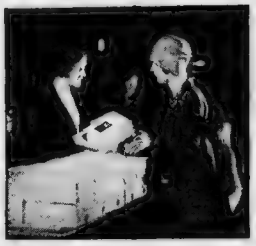
Such appreciation

suggested this unusual offer

Try one box...Your money will be refunded if you don't like Modess better



IT was only a few months ago that Modess came from the research and creative laboratories of Johnson & Johnson. Its introduction has been quiet, with no sensational propaganda.

Yet the reception accorded Modess by the women of America has been astounding. A nation-wide demand has influenced practically every good drug store and department store in the United States to feature it as a leader. In most of these stores the saleswomen, who are experts in quality, emphatically prefer Modess for their own use.

Women representatives of Johnson & Johnson have interviewed thousands of women, and almost without exception those who had tried Modess were enthusiastic in praise of it and assured our representatives that they would not dream of returning to the kind they formerly used.

What is still more significant, hundreds of women have actually sat down and written gracious letters thanking Johnson & Johnson for the comfort and assurance Modess has given them. Such letters come to us almost every day in ever-increasing numbers.

Such appreciation can only be won by actually giving overwhelming superiority.

We of course know, scientifically, that Modess is beyond comparison better than any sanitary napkin that is made. The filler is revolutionary—an entirely new substance invented by Johnson & Johnson expressly for Modess. It is far more absorbent and really disposable. But instead of being in stiff, clumsy layers with chafing edges, this filler is as soft, fluffy and yielding as the finest absorbent cotton.

The specially woven Johnson & Johnson gauze is softened by a secret process and then, for supreme comfort, a film of downy cotton is meshed with the gauze. The sides of Modess have a conforming roundness in contrast to the square sides you dislike.

These are the scientific reasons why Modess gives such superlative comfort and assurance of safety. But far more convincing than any other proof is to try Modess. The superiority is startling. It is inconceivable that you could use one box of Modess without appreciating the fineness, the surprising softness and the dependability of this modern napkin.

Try one box at our risk

Why not let your next purchase be Modess? We know you will be delighted to have discovered it.

If you are not convinced from this one box that Modess is better than the kind you have used, tear off end of carton, write on it your name and address and purchase price, and mail to us.

We will refund the amount you paid.

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GRAY hair must go! But don't try to end it with any crude, sticky, messy dye which produces a dull lifeless look that is worse than grayness. Use Brownatone—the quick, sure, safe, harmless method tested and approved by millions. Even close friends do not suspect its use. Brownatone is easily applied by anyone. It does not rub off nor wash out. It is beneficial to the scalp—adds luster to the hair. Takes any kind of wave. Comes in two colors: blonde to medium brown, dark brown to black. All druggists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. N-18, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky., for liberal FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

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A NEW WAY OF CLEANING!

~no more scrubbing!~no more rubbing

DIC-A-DOO

instantly lifts out dirt, grease, grime soot - You simply wipe it off!

As harmless as water!

HERE'S good news for women! Here's relief for once soft, slim white hands that have grown red, shrivelled or puffy from hard rubbing and cleaning! That sort of thing is all over now! Never again need you wear yourself out in the constant battle with Dirt! The Dic-A-Doo way is the new—easy—economical way to clean!

The kitchen walls are grimy and stained? That's easy to change. The once bright and shiny linoleum's gray and spotted? The woodwork is no longer fresh? The bricks around the entrance door are dirt and rain spattered? The fireplace black and sooty? The leather in the car is dim and drab? You can bring back the freshness of all these things with Dic-A-Doo! You can clean as you never cleaned before—a cleaning that turns tiresome tasks into child's play. Don't rub or scrub any more—use Dic-A-Doo instead.

All painted, varnished, lacquered and enameled surfaces. Tile, oilcloth, linoleum, washable wall coverings. Ivory. Marble. Leather—or any surface not harmed by water is easily, quickly and marvelously cleaned with Dic-A-Doo. *It's the new way to clean!*

EASTERN PRICE

Brush It On. Then Wipe It Off!

It's as simple as that. Mix Dic-A-Doo in cold water to the consistency of a thin cream. With a wide brush (or soft cloth)—apply uniformly to the surface with a backward and forward motion. Then dip a sponge (or clean cloth) in water, wring out and wipe off cleaner while still wet. What happens? The dirt disappears and the surface is spotlessly *clean*.

You can't realize what an amazing way to clean this is until you've tried it. Dic-A-Doo is not harsh. It will not scratch. Feel it! It's as soft and velvety as pastry flour.

Try DIC-A-DOO Today

Try it today and save yourself a lot of "elbow grease," time and trouble. You can buy Dic-A-Doo in ¼ pound (15c) and 1¼ pound (30c) packages wherever paint is sold. Prices in far west and south slightly higher. Or to make it easy for you to try Dic-A-Doo we offer a *free trial package for the asking.* Use the coupon below and when you receive your sample of Dic-A-Doo try it on the *dirtiest*, grimiest spot you can find! The results will seem like magic. And you will never be without Dic-A-Doo! For sale at paint, wallpaper, hardware stores—or wherever paint is sold.

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The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

ROGER KINGDOM, a self-made financial colossus, railed the Red Vandal, and his prim, old-fashioned mother encounter the rich rule of public society when they investigate Kingdom's great London mansion the first time.

Sir Julian Coniston—a famous lawyer who has misappropriated funds to finance the tottering Hungrad Copper Company—has just finished the defense of Stella Charteris, condemned to die for the murder of her lover Coniston has learned that she is the wife of the Red Vandal, who believes that she died in a railroad wreck after running away with another man. Armed with this information, he goes to Kingdom for assistance. The Vandal refuses to bolster up Hungrad Copper and save the lawyer from disgrace because it looks like blackmail.

That evening Kingdom meets Beth Coniston, Sir Julian's daughter, at a treasure hunt organized by Mike and Lois the Earl of Cubbington and his wife, who are the leaders of the wild Cubbington crowd. The Vandal recognizes Beth's partner, Lucian Burke, as the man who ran away with his wife and then deserted her. Intrigued by Beth's solicitations, Kingdom warns Burke to leave her alone and wakes up his mind to help her father. When he takes Beth home they find Sir Julian dead by his own hand after writing a note which says Kingdom did him. The Vandal destroys the note before Beth sees it and she, believing some financial irregularity responsible, swears to revenge her father.

Determined to break Burke and marry Beth Kingdom's first step is to engineer the rise of Hungrad Copper so that disgrace will not fall on the name of Sir Julian.

He goes to the prison to see Stella and she tells him that she shot Charteris when she found that he had been sent by the Anaconda, a crippled master criminal who the Vandal a relentless enemy to kill or maim him. She makes Kingdom promise not to try to save her.

Burke tells Beth he loves her and drives with her to his cottage by the sea, planning to run her reputation and get her in his power. Kingdom follows and Lucian wrecks the Vandal's car on the cliffs to win the Anaconda's promised reward. Beth rescues Kingdom and he takes her back to Burke before Burke has a chance to harm her.

Stella's sentence is commuted to life imprisonment and Kingdom realizes that now all he can do is watch over Beth and protect her from a distance.

Bernard Travis, Coniston's secretary, who worships Beth, tells her that Hungrad Copper is going down due to sales by Kingdom. She thinks he is doing it to show his power, and calls him, ready to surrender gladly. He treats her coldly and she returns to the Cubbingtons. When she finds out that the Vandal has taken the Jewels—a Limehouse

"You Pharisee:" Lucian Burke Cried as He Flung Round Upon Kingdom. "Didn't I tell you I'd get you?"

family she has befriended to live with him. Beth realizes that she really loves him.

Kingdom calls upon Burke, who has learned about Stella and Lucian mocks at the Vandal's offer of money if he will leave the country. The Anaconda follows Kingdom from Burke's apartment, knocks him unconscious with a blow and takes him to the yacht, the Chiquita, which is anchored in the Thames. The yacht is ready to sail for South America and the Anaconda taunts Kingdom with his plans for a horrible revenge.

Beth goes to the Dendars to confess her love for the Vandal and Mick Jewel, who has set himself the job of trailing Kingdom because he wants to be a detective, rushes in with the news that the Vandal has been abducted. Mick and Beth recruit him to the Chiquita and are taken prisoners by the Anaconda. Fearing foul play with danger Beth tells Roger of her love. The Chiquita is run down by another vessel in the fog and they escape

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Red Sky at Morning.

H E Y were somewhere on the marshes of the river estuary, Kingdom guessed. It made him smile grimly. He who was being carried by a demented enemy to a tropical beach, had landed upon a homeland marsh by Father Thames.

Quite near, a dog barked. A voice, sharp and startling, called, "Is anyone there?" And then, ghostly and unreal as they went forward in the misty dark, a woman stood at a cottage gate, holding up a lamp above her ruddy, weatherbeaten face and silver hair.

"We were lost in the fog on the river," Kingdom said. "This lady is very tired. If you can give her—us—shelter, we shall be grateful."

"Come in," the woman answered softly. "She shall have my bed. I always stay up on foggy nights. Fog! I've got sons on the river—pilots—and I hate fog more than I hate storm."

"You must sleep," Kingdom said, looking down into Beth's uplifted face a little later. "You must be very tired."

"That man—the Anaconda. He might come. He would follow you anywhere."

"He won't come here. If he does, I can deal with him, this time. I wasn't prepared for him before. Though I shall never forget how you came to save me from him. I knew you were brave. But you're a woman, after all."

Beth shook her head, and Kingdom saw there were tears in her eyes which made them look like glinting stars in the lamplight of the cottage.

"It was Mick—the Jewels. Everything seems to have happened through them, the precious crew. I've a strange taste in friends haven't I—first the Cubbingtons and then the Jewels? I've got my soul back. It's all—all lit up inside me. I almost wish that terrible man had taken us both to South America. I'm afraid I'm rather shameless. I knew I should be when at last it happened——"

"You're tired. We'll talk in the morning. Go to bed now," Kingdom said. His voice sounded strained, and he thrust her gently up the narrow staircase, watching her candle till it disappeared. She had stood, looking at him intently, but had obeyed in silence.

He threw himself upon the couch in the tiny sitting-room of the cottage, with its smell of marsh-grass and lavender, physically and spiritually exhausted, yet consumed by a fire he could not put out. Mick Jewel, once his demi-gods were safe, had come from the cottage to find his self-confident way back to London and Jenny. The pilot's mother was keeping her fog-watch in the kitchen. There were only his own hounding thoughts.

Stella!

Roger Kingdom stirred in his pain. Stella would keep her secret to the grave. Coniston was dead. Who else was there who knew? The little mother, who would give her soul for his happiness. Who else? Nobody, unless Cortinas. But, now that the Anaconda was alive again, he would crush him, for good, if he dared to strike a second time. Bigamy! It was an ugly word used by smuggering fools. Long after the word recurred to him Kingdom lay on the couch with a picture of Mike and Lois Cubbington, grinning at Beth and himself, divining their secret. But he would take her far away, to sunny countries. Once he had her, nothing should rob him of her.

At last, in all the tempest which possessed him, sleep came. It was daylight when he awoke and the white curtain of mist had gone from the little window. In its place was a crimson sunrise. Red sky at morning! It was the presage of storm; for him, Roger Kingdom felt in some dim way, rather than for the day. It braced him to the zest of fighting which had almost died down since he had reached the heights. He laughed aloud. He was the Vandal, who stretched out his hand for what he wanted, and took it.

He could hear the creak of a loose board in the room overhead. She was astir—looking at that stormy sunrise, perhaps. The sound drove his pulse to beat thickly.

"Beth!"

She was coming down the staircase, which opened by a little door into the parlor, where he waited. The sunrise touched her hair to something warmer than gold, and made her whole being gently luminous to his eyes as she stood framed there. To Roger Kingdom's imagination it was as if the dross of the world had fallen from her for good, and left her nearly ethereal.

"The fog has gone," Beth said. "Hasn't it?"

"Yes," said Kingdom, almost stupidly. "It's gone. It's gone, Beth".

He was by her side, and she was in his arms, close-curtained.

"I love you. Do you hear?" His lips were on her hair, her face, her mouth. "I've waited long enough—too long! I'm waiting no longer. The past is done with —done with I tell you."

"Yes; it's done with," Beth murmured. Her eyes were closed in blind happiness. She clung to him with something like a long shudder, like one who creeps into shelter after storm. All life seemed to stand still as a full tide about them.

"Only"—she opened her eyes, which were shining and dewy at the level of Kingdom's lips—"I'll wait if you wish. I haven't been tested yet. You once said my past had got to be killed. It feels dead. Oh, it was never very hectic. I was only a little fool who got into bad company. But I haven't experienced life yet. This seems too easy. I've never suffered—much. You meant to make me do so for my own good, didn't you? Perhaps I ought to, perhaps it's necessary. If it is, I'm willing to suffer before I get my happiness."

"Not now!" Kingdom said, passionately. "Not now, Beth. No woman of mine shall suffer—again."

She barely caught the last word, with such deep hunger and passion he spoke it. Only later did she remember it. The anger of the rising sun had gone, and they were both bathed in its mellow beams. The clatter of breakfast cups came from the kitchen.

"I'm taking you back to my own life," Kingdom gave an exultant laugh. His senses reeled, for her arms were about his neck and she was trembling against him in a kind of defiant surrender. "Did you know they were making me a baronet? I'd forgotten. They'll laugh at me no longer, neither those Cubbington fools nor anyone else."

Some of his naive and dogged tenacity was coming back to him. "They daren't when I have you. You'll teach me things, Beth. We start all afresh—all afresh!"

His words held a dark triumph. He would be able to crush fear and guard what he had won, against all the world.

This, the dearest thing he had ever fought for, should never be wrested from him.

"Quite afresh!" Beth raised her face, and a twinge of pain went through Roger Kingdom's crude exulting. His first woman! Why could she not have been his first woman? "I don't want to go back to that—that whirlpool. Not even with you. It fascinated you a little, didn't it? You wanted to conquer it. But you didn't know something. It isn't worth it. Not for you. It's—it's like a man who has killed giants trying to make friends with a kennel full of Pekingese. I love you because through you I have found that soul of mine. I don't want to take any chance of losing it again."

"Through me!" Kingdom's hold tightened.

"Yes." Beth nodded a little unsteadily. "And perhaps it isn't quite secure yet. I want to lean on you for a bit—me, the modern woman. I'd like to go away somewhere to the wild with you. But I suppose you've finished with the wild. You're so straight and clean and strong, I knew you'll never let me down. If you did—" she stopped in the midst of her shining laughter—"I should go down for good I think. The whirlpool would have me."

"Nothing should have you but me!" Kingdom said. "You're mine. That's all there is to be said."

Beth released herself gently from his hold, frightened of the joy which had come to her. Had she paid for it, and did she de-

(Continued on Page 20)

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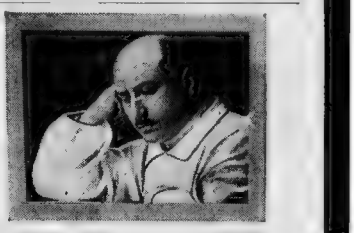

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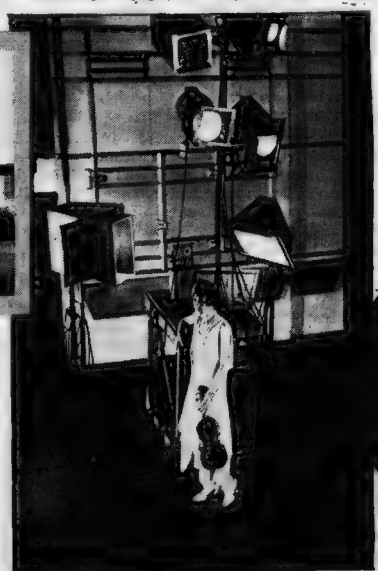

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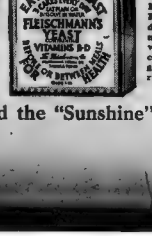

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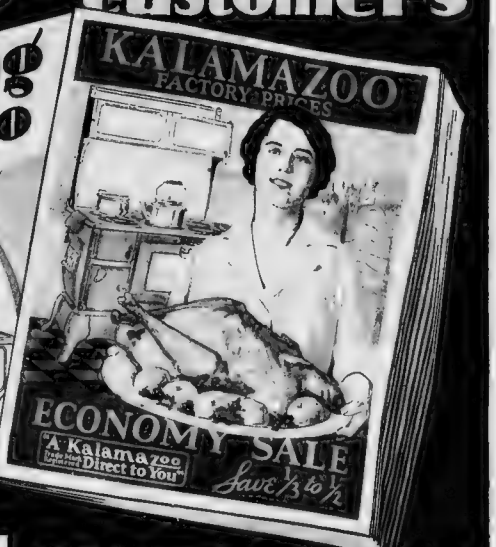

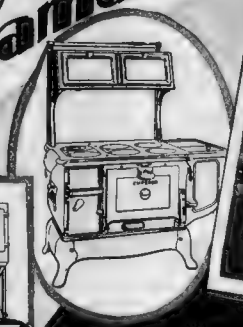

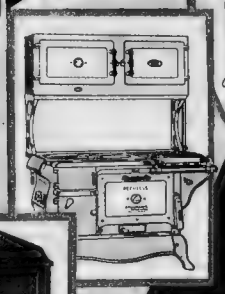

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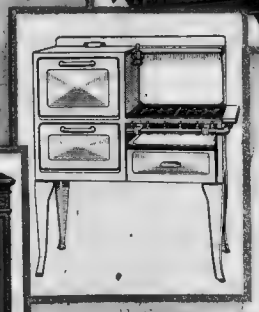

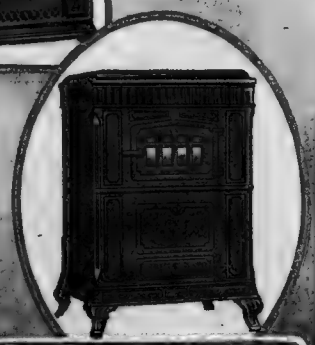

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The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

(Continued from Page 18)

serve it? Perhaps God sometimes delivered it ahead of the payments. Whatever happened she would always love this man.

"I think your mother knows," Beth said, softly. "She knows everything, doesn't she?"

"Yes — everything," Roger Kingdom said.

He drew a deep breath, and looked through the window to the gleaming dark blue of the river, which was the color of the little mother's eyes in the channel, and the gray-green of Stella's in the shallows. Round the bend of water, three miles across the bare winter landscape, a large white yacht lay beached, with tugs and smaller boats around her. London sent its mighty spires into the sky beyond it like a dream city waiting to take both of them back to their new life.

But the city was waiting to crush rather than welcome them.

In a tastefully-flowered dressing-gown, when the morning was aired and the primrose curtains of his bedroom drawn, Lucian Burke sipped chocolate and perused the early lunch edition of an evening paper which Pompey, his Creole manservant, had brought in. He was in excellent humor, and his attractive face was crinkled in a smile of some whimsicality as he scanned the day's news.

"No word of the assassination of a well-known millionaire by a madman," he murmured, negligently, "or even of a mysterious disappearance. Nor yet the arrest of a rich Argentine merchant for being in possession of lethal weapons without a license, which is the sort of anti-climax that sometimes comes to melodrama in this amusing country."

Burke laughed gently. It made quite a pleasant sound in the cosy bedroom. He was a gambler and the roulette-wheel of life was spinning happily at that moment, heavily biased in his favor. Presently, he would put out his hand and rake in his winnings. In the meantime, it was good to speculate, with the feline appreciation of pleasure that he had acquired in many adventures, upon their exact sum total.

"Ha!"

It was a paragraph in the late press news, headed "Collision in the Thames."

"The Chiquita, a large private yacht belonging to Senor Fernando Garcia, a wealthy South American, was in collision with the steamer Cherubim, from Callao, in the Thames, early this morning during the dense fog. The Chiquita was struck amidships and had to be beached. Senor Garcia, who had important business obligations in South America, sailed from Southampton on the liner Prince of Saragossa, a few hours later."

Lucian Burke was out of bed and dressed a few minutes afterward. Yet there was no haste in his movements, and when he entered the Mount Ararat Club, that resort of wealthy bohemians founded by Mike and Lois, Lord and Lady Cubbington, he was his polished and well-groomed self. At that early hour—it was barely noon, and the Cubbingtons began to stir in their fragrant beds about that hour—the Mount Ararat was all but deserted, save for one or two women with loud voices and Eton crops and monocles, whom Burke, being fastidious, carefully avoided. Yet he watched the doorway closely, and when a young man with a rather sullen and unhappy look entered he called his name.

"Travis, old fellow!"

Barnard Travis stopped. A flush mounted to his young candid face.

"Hullo, Burke!" He was passing on with an awkward smile, but Lucian Burke drew him to a seat.

"Pity a lonely devil out of bed too soon, and lunch with him. An aperitif, eh? I came here in the hope of seeing you, Travis. It concerns rather a delicate matter. Hang it, I hardly know how to begin. I might as well say that it concerns the affairs of Beth Coniston."

"Beth!" Bernard Travis turned a cold face to Burke and then sat down, sitting stiffly. "I'd rather not discuss her with you. But, I'll give you a piece of news which may shake you. She's going to marry the Vandal, and all the others—you and I, for instance—are also-rans. Kingdom rang me up an hour ago and very politely fired me as her lawyer. At least he says her affairs are now in his hands, as Miss Coniston intends to honor him by marrying him."

Travis ended with a touch of bitter mimicry. The boy was suffering. The sight moved Lucian Burke to subterranean laughter. But outwardly he was a man who had been struck a hard blow and covered his pain with difficulty.

"I suspected it. We're finished with, Travis. The money-bug has won. You've shaken me right enough. I'll not go on with the matter I mentioned. It was only a bit of ugly gossip about Sir Julian Coniston, Beth's father, which I wished to squelch. It's this big fall of Hunyadi which Kingdom brought about to get Beth into his gold-plated hands that started it. Not to put too fine a point on it, it is being said that Coniston was an old filibuster who'd played ducks and drakes with more than a thousand of other people's money, and that he shot himself because he knew he was on the edge of goal. A nasty thing for Beth, who thinks he was an alabaster statue."

"He wasn't that." Travis shot a suspicious glance at Burke. In spite of his youth he had been a loyal secretary to the dead K. C., perhaps because of his blind devotion to Beth which so amused the Cubbington Crush.

"He was a man of the world. But he was a good sort. He took risks, like any other financier. He didn't tell me everything. Not by a long chalk. But you'll not pump me, Burke, dear fellow. What I know, I'm keeping to myself, for—for Beth's sake. I'd let her tread me into the dirt even now. I'd crawl to her even when she was in the Vandal's arms."

"It was the Vandal who told me that Sir Julian Coniston was a defaulter," Burke said, coolly. "No doubt for his own purposes. But a word from him, in money matters, is like a speech through a microphone."

"Kingdom!" Travis' rather womanish mouth quivered furiously. "It was Kingdom who was going to blow the gaff on Sir Julian, the merciless devil. He could have tided over Sir Julian's liabilities, but he would have watched the old man get five years and lifelong disgrace without moving an eyelid. It was only after Sir Julian was dead, and he wanted Beth, that he bolstered up Hunyadi, and whitewashed — whitewashed everything."

"Unprincipled scoundrel!" murmured Burke gravely. "Shall we lunch now, my dear Travis? When woman fails wine sometimes comes to the rescue."

Behind Bernard Travis' fair head, when they moved into the gay dining-room of the Mount Ararat, his look was not quite human; rather was it that of a questing animal which had gathered in its den a long feast of all the prey it wanted. Though his companion drank deep, he only sipped at a glass of dry sherry. All through the lunch Lucian Burke, philosopher and amorous adventurer, played with many whimsical fancies. Love! What a delightful emotion of many facets! One woman could set them all a-glitter, in different colors. Kingdom with his honorable bobbledehoy passion, himself with his sweet fastidious desire for what had proved so difficult to attain. Did he even hate Beth a little, to put piquancy to it? And this boy who ran with the Cubbingtons and had heaven knew what dreams about his goddess. It was all very entertaining.

But, as Lucian Burke pulled on his gloves outside the Mount Ararat Club, he knew that one emotion within him shrivelled all others to naught, like a hot flame. It was an elemental emotion, an emotion of the jungle, to which, for all his debonair looks, he rightly belonged; a hatred and a lust for vengeance which was deeper than that of the Anaconda, that insane beast of the jungle, out of whose hands Roger Kingdom had slipped to fall into his.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Blow Falls.

THE Shuffler, in a blue wooly suit, had tweaked his nose in the nutcrackers, and was trying hard to smile through the water in his eyes. The Prince of Oranges wore a new suit with dignity and sobriety. Mick, marvelously well groomed and shiny about the hair, and with a bruise over his eye, which was a mark of his recent adventures, was at the head of the table with Jenny, that dark little aloe-eyed hoyden, who looked like a gypsy mother among her family. The table was ablaze with lights, and shone upon the rubicund face and burly figure of the guest of honor—the Rev. James Hawkins, of St. Biddulph's, Limehouse — otherwise Glory-be of Blue Anchor Quay.

Beth closed the door gently upon the scene. It was a strictly private party of the Four Jewels.

"Little pagans!" she said, with an unsteady laugh. "They think this is Paradise and I don't believe even Old Glory Be will convince them there is any other."

Roger Kingdom looked at her with possession in his eyes. They had come to the Deodars from the cottage on the marshes, deep-soaked in their new found joy, and the big drawing-room glimmered its richness about them. The little mother was in bed with a headache. But presently, she would get up to greet her new daughter. They were waiting to tell her, in that room apart from the merry party of the Four Jewels. Kingdom could feel his heart beating quickly. The little mother who knew everything . . .

"I haven't asked you to marry me—yet." His smile was still strained, yet boyish, his voice tenderly grave.

"I should like you to," Beth answered as gravely. "If you don't think you are throwing yourself away on a penniless girl who has made a little fool of herself in the past——".

Deep in his very arms, she shivered a little and clung close. He too had some past, some secret. He had said so. Perhaps he would never tell her what it was, and she had no right to ask. It was part of the new Beth Coniston.

How Science Unravels Crime Mysteries in the Foreign Detective Police Laboratories

(Continued from Double Page)

of these our prisoner sank into a chair, pale as death.

"I swear," he cried in a shaking voice, "that I know nothing of those things. Some enemy brought them to my room."

Late that evening the man was brought before the examining magistrate, and the queer tale he related, although I thought it a foolish defense, evidently impressed my chief.

"I had gambled away all my money," he began, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "and Cabassou, who keeps the inn where I take my meals, lent me several thousand francs. Then lately he began to press me every day for the money. Quite unexpectedly, two weeks ago, he gave me a tip which he said was absolutely sure. I had collected a large sum for my firm and I backed the horse with this.

"Of course, it lost. Tellier, who kept the firm's books, came to me and demanded to know what I had done with the money. He hated me because Cabassou's wife had accompanied me to a theatre once or twice, and he was jealous. He gave me three days to make good the amount. I obtained a week's leave and tried to borrow ten thousand francs from my uncle. But he refused to help me.

"In despair I went to Cabassou, who had always been so friendly. He said that what I asked was impossible. At last, when I told him that I should shoot myself rather than go to prison, he said, 'There is a Chinese, a Dr. Ho Fang See, whose office is in the Rue de Rivoli. I once helped him when he was in great trouble, while a student. Go to him this afternoon with a letter I will write. Dr. Ho Fang See promised never to forget what I did for him. I think he will lend you the money. But, in return, I want you to bring me absolute proof that Tellier and my wife are lovers.' As Cabassou said this, he changed from the smiling, jovial fellow I had always known, until his face was that of a fiend. I was frightened, but I had no love for Tellier, and promised. So he gave me the letter."

"This Chinese, now, what was he like?" Bertillon asked.

"A strange man. He is a beauty specialist. When I arrived at his office I was ushered into a large room all hung with curtains and lit with colored lamps. Several women were waiting, but when I explained to the servant that it was a private matter the doctor received me at once. He is tall, thin man, with a yellow and strangely expressionless face — typically Chinese. I could not see his eyes for he wore tinted glasses. But I noticed his hands with their long nails. They were white and slim, and when his fingers touched mine, by chance, they felt cold as ice. He spoke with a foreign accent in a curiously sibilant voice. He did not rise when the colored servant announced me, but waved me to a chair.

"How, then, did you see he was tall?" the judge asked.

"I judged from his height as he sat at his desk. I gave him the letter from Cabassou, which he read and then burnt at once in a brazier which stood smoking beside his chair. He informed me that the sum I needed was more than he could afford, that when I rose to go he added that if I cared to go to Antwerp and sell some diamonds which a client had left in payment, I should be able to raise considerably more. Of course, I agreed and left the same night."

"Are these the stones he gave you?" Bertillon asked, holding out the diamonds the Belgian detective had brought.

Guillaume examined them carefully, then he nodded, "Yes, I think so. I don't know much about jewels."

"This Cabassou — you have known him some time? What kind of man is he?"

"Oh, a fine fellow. Generous, very good natured with a cheery smile for everybody. He helps all who are in trouble, just as he helped me."

"Yet you say his face became distorted with rage when he spoke of Tellier?"

"Yes. I was very surprised, but no doubt jealousy makes a man angry."

"Tell me, does he live over the tavern? Is the house his own?"

"Oh, yes—his apartment and office are on the second floor; the place is very big, and his wine cellars are famous."

At a sign from my chief, Guillaume was led away. When he had gone Bertillon looked at the judge with a queer smile.

"Please let me have a warrant for the arrest of Cabassou," he said. "I think a search of those cellars will complete this case. You, Colbert, watch this Chinese doctor's house. Don't let him slip away, whatever you do. I do not think this jovial innkeeper will be suspicious," he added, turning to me, "but be careful. Take all the men you need and go armed: one never knows. A creature capable of weaving such a plot is dangerous, and I distrust a man who always smiles. Remember, if I am right, he is immensely strong; he carried the dead man in his arms. Let me know immediately what evidence you find."

Whilst Rousseau and several detectives took up positions from which they could watch the tavern, I entered, dressed in my art-student's clothes and ordered a meal and a bottle of wine. The place was filled as usual with a motley crowd of men and women, and from the large room at the rear came the sounds of music and song. It would have been dangerous to arrest the fellow while so many people were there, for in the ensuing confusion he might easily escape. It was hard to believe that the loud-voiced, laughing landlord, ready with a joke and a pleasant word for all, could be a cold-blooded assassin, yet we of the Surete had seen strange things, and as I watched his wife, whose burning glances seemed to hold a promise of wild passion in their depths, I began to think that my chief had, as usual, sensed the truth. Towards midnight Rousseau came and joined me, and, feigning to be tipsy, called for a bottle of special wine.

"I have heard you have some good stuff in your cellars," he cried, "but you keep it for your own use. Why not let me choose for myself? I'll pay the price."

Cabassou laughed boisterously.

"Come then, my friend; take your pick," he shouted, "it shall never be said I cheat my customers," and he took a massive key from a hook and, lighting a candle, beckoned us to follow. That was what we wanted. The cellar to which he led us was vast and had a large covered entrance level with the street. Around the walls in their hundreds were dusty bottles carefully stacked in their bins. There appeared to be no other issue from the place but the door through which we had come. Nevertheless, we had our orders, and, without a moment's hesitation, Rousseau stepped forward and, pulling a pistol from his pocket, curtly commanded Cabassou to stand against the wall with raised hands. At sight of the weapon the man's face became convulsed with rage.

"What are you—footpads?" he growled.

"No—from the Surete—here is our warrant for your arrest. But first we wish to search this place."

"Arrest? You are mad—what for?"

"That is for the judge to tell you. Where are your other cellars?"

"I have only this one."

Rousseau looked sideways at me and said, "I'll keep him here while you search. Better look behind the wine bins."

I at once set to work with lamp and lens, while my colleague twisted a chain around the fellow's wrist and pulled him to a seat on a box. My first care was for the stairs; and low down near the ground on the whitewashed wall, I found a large blotch which had been washed and scraped. It was blood, and in one of the denser spots I noticed some hairs. At my involuntary shout, Rousseau started up, and in doing so the chain slipped.

Instantly our prisoner blew out the candle; I heard a loud thud and a scream; a fierce kick sent me staggering back, and at the same instant a head struck my chest with the force of a battering ram, the door slammed, and before we realized what had happened we were shut in the cellar. My pocket lamp had fallen and was broken, but fortunately Rousseau had another. Pulling a couple of boxes beneath the window, I smashed the glass and blew my whistle. At once two of our men came running down the stairs and threw their weight against the door, but it was of stout oak and axes had to be fetched before it could be opened.

By the time we reached the tavern it was empty. Only the woman was there, held by a gendarme. Cabassou had disappeared, and an open skylight leading to the flat roof revealed the manner of his escape. While Rousseau sent orders to telephone and telegraph, I continued my investigation. Bertillon was immediately informed of our fiasco, and joined us soon after. The bloodstain on the wall was cut out bodily and packed, and finally, behind some crates, we found another door, which led to the cellar.

In this there was a large box, which contained some fragments of coal. The floor of this cellar was covered with sand, and on two saw-bucks in the centre lay a heavy log, from which a heap of firewood, piled in a corner, had been recently sawn. Sawdust had collected around the log and some of it was mixed with sand. Yet beyond the one bloodstain, we found nothing to confirm our belief that a crime had been committed there. When I mentioned this Bertillon pointed to a tiny window.

"This is not the place where those blind insects bred. I am convinced there is yet another cellar—with no window. That is where Tellier was killed; but his coat and vest were hidden here. See, there is the sand, the sawdust, the coal, and, in a place filled with barrels and bottles of wine, you will have an abundance of the bacilli of alcohol fermentation. The clothes were probably concealed in that box; you'll find that the wood is impregnated with liquor. We will test that tomorrow. First we will pass all this sand through a sieve, perhaps we shall find some proof that Tellier came here."

It was arduous work, but the result justified the seemingly useless task. At the end of several hours the sieve revealed some tiny fragments of cardboard and several scraps of thin paper. When these were assembled and gummed on a stout sheet, we saw that the shreds of cardboard were piece of a railway return ticket, and the return half had not been perforated. The date was the day Tellier was seen alive for the last time; the station was that near his house, and the hour stamped on the ticket corresponded to the time at which he usually left for his office. The scraps of paper bore the words Charles Tellier and the name of a bank with the mention "five hundred francs to win."

Thereupon a minute search for the third cellar began, and at last when already it seemed as though a mistake had been made, we found a tiny, pitch-dark recess, gained by a door under the stairs. Bertillon's theory was vindicated; at last we stood in the vault where the murder had been committed. Blood had splashed on the floor and walls, and the roof was alive with the Anophthalmi.

"A far cry from the Bois de Boulogne to this place," Bertillon said. "But the blind beetles have led us here. It only remains to capture that devil Cabassou. Guillaume shall be released at once. Perhaps Colbert has something to report. Set men to watch this place, though I fear the fellow will not be foolish enough to return. Yet his mad passion for that fickle woman may prove his undoing."

The next morning I was summoned to Bertillon's office. With him were Rousseau and Colbert.

"We have been inquiring into the life of the mysterious Dr. Ho Fang See," Bertillon said. "His consulting hours are two to five, and his concierge says he has come and left punctually to the minute for the last two years. He is an excellent tenant, it appears. Quiet, courteous, never any trouble. His patients are exclusively women. His flat is not far away in the Rue de Louvre. He keeps only one servant. Colbert thinks he is an Indian or a Burmese. Nothing strange in all that.

"But in the same house where this Chinese lives, our friend Cabassou also has a flat, and on the same floor! Those two are confederates in some nefarious business. Probably they are drug traffickers. Every day, just before the doctor left for his office, Cabassou arrived at his flat, nor did he leave until the Chinese returned. He never slept there, but sometimes a woman would visit him. A woman with red hair, so it is not his wife, for she is dark. The concierge in the Rue de Louvre says that last night, to her surprise, the doctor, who rarely went out at night, came hurriedly in just after midnight. She was in bed and did not see him, but he gave his name as usual in that queer sibilant voice of his, as he passed her window.

"Colbert has searched the innkeeper's flat. A huge fire had been lit and the charred remains of papers and clothes were still to be seen. Nothing else, just paper and clothes, but every sign of a hurried departure. On a table was a railway time table, open at the trains to Berlin. That, of course, is probably but a blind, but we've wired the frontier in case it isn't. I want to know what the connection is between those two men. Colbert shall call on him at his office tomorrow and take an imprint of the lock. Then, when he has gone for the day, you and Rousseau must enter and have a look at the place. It's not legal, and a risky business besides, but there is no other way. You will, of course, touch nothing, but—I fancy the Oriental is hiding Cabassou. If you find nothing, we will search his apartment."

"But why the doctor's office first?" I asked.

"Because by now he has heard of our visit to his confederate's rooms, and he probably fears that we shall call on him, too. The office is less likely. Moreover, the Frenchman could easily slip in among the patients dressed as a woman. I'll have a dozen men within call. This time don't let him fool you."

The next afternoon, as soon as we had seen the long slim figure of Ho Fang See come out of his office in the Rue de Rivoli and jump into a taxi, one of our men, dressed as a porter, kept the concierge busy, whilst Rousseau and I slipped upstairs. The key Colbert had obtained for us fitted smoothly, and a minute later we were inside. A thick silken carpet deadened our footsteps. Strange Japanese armor and huge vases gave the hall an Eastern appearance, and the air was heavy with queer odors of sandal and joss sticks. Our hearts beat fast at the thought that perhaps a desperate murderer was hidden in one of the rooms. Silently and with infinite caution we opened door after door. Not a sound came to our ears. A huge, heavily carved wardrobe, in a spacious salon, was filled with Chinese clothes, and the many cupboards contained drugs and surgical appliances. When we had visited every hole and corner Rousseau gave a sigh of relief.

"The Chief was right—this yellow scoundrel deals in dope, but our friend Cabassou is not here."

At that instant a key grated in the lock, and we had barely time to slip behind a curtain before the door opened and someone came stumbling into the passage, breathing as though he had run a race.

There followed the snap of a switch and several tinted lamps threw their beams on the yellow face of Dr. Ho Fang See. A moment he looked around with suspicion, then he removed the tinted glasses which had concealed his eyes, and sank into a chair. I could not conceive what had brought him back, but I was soon to know, for the fellow rose abruptly and looked at the clock on the mantel.

"Half-past-seven," I heard him mutter, "if only she will come. I must see her, I must."

My skin crept at the words, for they were not spoken in the sibilant voice of which Bertillon had spoken; instead, the intonation was deep and guttural. What happened then was like a horrid dream.

With a quick gesture the man pulled at his hands as though removing gloves, and the white skin and long nails came away together and were flung on the table. A wig of shining black hair followed. Then he stepped to a washstand against the wall and laved his face with a sponge. I shivered with dread as he turned to us once more. Gone was the yellow tint; the dead, expressionless face of the Oriental had filled out, the features had subtly altered, the skin was flushed and healthy and lacking the jovial, cheery smile, but, without a doubt, the same man. We were about to spring out from our hiding place when a bell rang and the fellow stepped quickly into the hall.

There came a shrill cry in a woman's voice, instantly hushed, and the murmur of conversation. It was our opportunity. Rushing across the room we gained the door just as he entered, followed by his wife. What a struggle that was! The man was a giant with sinews of steel, and had we not taken him utterly by surprise, we should have been overpowered once more. As it was, he swung us off our feet more than once, as he vainly tried to reach his desk. Despite our weight he succeeded in partially pulling open a drawer and we saw it contained a heavy pistol.

But at last Rousseau managed to twist a scarf round his neck, while I pulled at his feet with all my strength, until in the end we came to the ground in a heap. Yet even then it was many minutes before we were able to snap handcuffs on his wrists and to tie his legs together. During this terrific fight the woman had stood as though turned to stone; but when she saw that her husband was taken, she snatched up a slender knife from the table and came at us with blazing eyes. Rousseau wrenched the weapon from her hand and held her, while I summoned our colleagues, and an hour later both were safely in the cells.

"A queer case," said my chief, examining the artificial hands which had been part of the Frenchman's cunning disguise. "It is the most extraordinary instance of a double personality that I have ever seen. His corpulency was produced by padding, of course. I don't know which was the cleverer; his make-up as Cabassou or the rapid change to a yellow Chinese. The padding makes it obvious that the wife was his accomplice. They have passed enormous quantities of poison to poor helpless drug fiends. We shall learn more when she hears of the red-haired rival. Already five banking accounts have been traced. The beauty of the scheme was that either of the two identities could instantly vanish in case of trouble.

"All would have been well had his wife not taken advantage of his daily absence to spend her time with other men. Cabassou, who is typically jealous, must have found her out and decided to get rid of both his rivals at one blow. He enticed Tellier to the wine cellar—struck him from behind—dragged him to the hole under the stairs and killed him. Then he evolved the plan which caused Guillaume to be arrested. He concealed the body in his cellar, and then one night with the help of that man who was drowned, he carried it to the Bois de Boulogne. Had it not been for those tiny blind insects, we should never have discovered the truth.

"No doubt," Dr. Bertillon concluded, "Cabassou threw the apache Ronsin into the river afterwards in order to get rid of a dangerous witness. Well—as always—even the cleverest criminals are caught because of a woman. Had he not returned to his rooms it is probable we should perhaps have suspected the Chinese, but we should not have discovered that he and Cabassou were one and the same."

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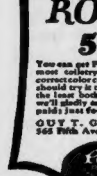

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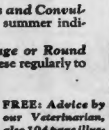

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Passion Island by Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 16)

were around her and he was kissing hungrily, kissing her lips, her cheeks, kissing the tears from her wet eyes, caressing her raven hair, and murmuring broken words of love and sympathy as he did so.

Joan lay passive against his breast, her breath still coming and going sobbingly, her brain in a whirl.

"Forgive me, darling," she heard Hilary say, and again she had the queer sensation that she must be living in a dream. "I love you, dear heart, and I have suffered, too. Sweetheart, say again that you love me and forgive me."

He took Joan's face between his hands, forcing her to look into his eyes, which were aglow with ardor, and seeming to overcome any inclination to resist and to force her to say what was in her heart.

"Hilary, I do love you, and I loved you even at Bora Bora when I hurt you so," she burst out tremulously. "Oh, darling, why did you hurt me so? Why do you doubt me still? Surely you don't believe I would degrade myself to submit to Blackbird Doyle or any other man. Surely you understand I was only playing a part in order to get an opportunity to escape? If you doubt me, if you don't want me and are only pretending to be in love with me, I don't want to live."

"Joan darling, forgive me for doubting you," exclaimed Hilary, his deep voice tense with emotion. "Give me a chance to try to make amends. I love you with every fiber of my being, and I feared I had lost you forever. The shock of seeing you in Doyle's arms seemed to turn my brain. Say that you forgive me, beloved, and that you love me still in spite of all that has happened."

For answer Joan, sobbing now in sheer relief, threw her arms around his neck, kissed him passionately, then buried her head in his breast.

She sent Hilary away at last, begging him to leave her all alone for a while to give her time to recover herself and collect her scattered wits, and Hilary, who was himself unusually agitated, went out to steady his nerves and calm himself with a brandy and soda and a cigarette.

Left alone, Joan sat down on the edge of the bed, wiped her eyes, and tried to control her emotion.

"Have I done right?" she asked herself. "Have I humbled myself again? Do I need to make excuses to myself? Hilary begged for forgiveness and I am sure he does really love me and has suffered as much as I. What happened served me right, and I admire Hilary for keeping his vow although it hurt me so terribly. I know now how much love can mean suffering as well as rapture. I'd be so happy now if only—if only I could be quite sure. . . ."

She rose and wandered across to the dressing table and looked at herself in the mirror, and smiled wryly at the reflection of her tear-stained face and tousled hair.

"You look a perfect fright, Joan," she commented. "I can hardly imagine anyone being in love with you. Let's try to make yourself more attractive."

She laved her face in cold water, brushed her hair, and regarded her reflection, wishing, however, that there was some face powder available, and that she could put on an attractive frock.

"I won't wear a coat, and the silk shirt doesn't look so bad when it is unbuttoned at the neck," she decided; and saw the hot flush of shame surge into her face as she remembered obeying Doyle's order to take off her coat to make herself look more womanly, and reflected that this was the first occasion on which she had wished to make herself more attractive in the eyes of any one man.

She was still flushed and a little tremulous when at last she opened the bedroom door and found Hilary stretched out at ease in an armchair. At sight of her he threw away his cigarette, half rose, then subsided into the chair again and held out his arms invitingly. Joan hesitated only for a moment before running to him, and Hilary drew her down on his knees, hugged her close to his breast and kissed her until she cried out in breathless protest and gently pushed his face away from her own.

"You look as if you want to eat me, you cannibal!" she said gaspingly, her lips tingling, her heart throbbing wildly.

"I do, darling," responded Hilary, with mock gravity but a little unsteadily. "You look sweet enough to eat, and I want to devour you. Remember I have been starved of love for what seems a century or more. I am still hungering for kisses, and love, and you."

Joan sighed happily, smiled into his ardent eyes, slipped her arms round his neck, and snuggled closer to him.

"I don't want your hunger for love and me ever to be satisfied, Hilary dear," she murmured, as she gave him her lips again, returning his kisses with a fervor as passionate as his own. "Tell me again that you love me, darling, and that you have forgiven everything and will never be cruel to me again."

"Sweetheart mine, a lifetime will not be long enough to tell you how much I love you, you sweet, delicious, darling, adorable thing, entrancing girl," said Hilary between kisses, straining her still closer to him. "A lifetime will not be enough to satisfy my hunger for your kisses, your love, and all it means. Let's put the past behind us, beloved, forget the pain and suffering, and think only of the rapture and happiness still in store for us. Joan, dear heart, say you love me and are glad I made you mine. Say you forgive me for having made you suffer, darling."

"I deserved to suffer for hurting you, Hilary dear, and making mock of love," whispered Joan, half rose, then subsided into the chair again and held out his arms invitingly. Joan hesitated only for a moment before running to him, and Hilary drew her down on his knees, hugged her close to his breast and kissed her until she cried out in breathless protest and gently pushed his face away from her own.

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"No, dear, but I am concerned for your safety," he replied. "I fear there will certainly be another tribal war as a result of what has happened, and Doyle and Howes will incite the bush tribe to attack us. I hate the thought of leaving everything at the mercy of those scoundrels, and my own tribe will regard me as a coward if I leave them when a fight is threatening; but perhaps we had better make our escape together in the motor-boat before the trouble starts. You matter more than anything else in the world now, beloved, and it would break my heart if anything happened to you."

"Hilary dear, I won't let you desert your post and surrender everything for my sake," exclaimed Joan, "and I wouldn't think of leaving you. I want to share all your troubles now, darling, and spend my life trying to make you happy. I feel that nothing can ever part us now, yet if I thought anything was likely to happen to you, I could ask you to come away from Ulava with me at once. You are wounded at it is, and—oh, Hilary darling, I had forgotten until this moment about your poor back! Let me go, dear. It must be hurting you to hold me like this."

Hastily she disengaged herself from Hilary's embrace and rose from his knees.

"Have I been hurting you, darling?" she continued in sweet concern.

"Your kisses seem to have charmed away the pain, Joan," answered Hilary smilingly; "but the pain of the spear wound made him wince, nevertheless, as he rose stiffly to his feet. "Oh, my dear, how good it is to know that you really love me and are all mine! I feel I want to dance, and shout, and sing, and tell the whole world that Joan loves me and has made me the proudest and happiest man in the world."

"And I want to rejoice and—" began Joan, but broke off suddenly as Ugi appeared to announce that the headman wanted an audience with Hilary and was waiting outside the veranda.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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The Whirlpool by Olive Bradshaw

(Continued from Page 20)

"I love you," breathed Beth. "What does it matter?"

"She ran away and disappeared—for years." Burke spoke gently, looking only at Beth. "Then, in London here, there was a sensational murder case. A woman was sentenced to death for killing her lover. Her Christian name was Stella, which was the name of Kingdom's wife, the surname she had taken was that of her lover. She was so silent that she was called the Silent Woman."

"The Silent Woman?" Beth's lips framed the words. She was gazing fascinatedly at Burke.

"All the eloquence of your father could not save her from the death sentence. It was his last case before he died himself." Lucian Burke's words were measured and emotionless. "But she was reprieved, and is alive yet. While she was under sentence of death Kingdom went to see her. Didn't you, Kingdom?"

All the color had drained from Roger Kingdom's face. There was a momentary silence, in which children's laughter from the inner room came high and clear again.

"I had it from one of the wardresses of the prison who recognized him. He went because the Silent Woman was his wife. Is his wife. You Pharisee!" Lucian Burke cried as he flung round upon Kingdom, his white teeth showing, his impassiveness gone like a fallen mask. "Didn't I tell you I'd get you?"

In the inner room, Jenny Jewell's clear, sweet voice was singing a song for the entertainment of Glory Be. Roger Kingdom stood as if chiseled from stone, making no movement or sound of any kind. Neither did Beth Coniston. Some great weariness had run into her limbs, some wild and mocking laughter was stunning her brain. She was looking at Kingdom with wide eyes, and at last some kind of speech left her parched lips.

"Why don't you tell him he is lying?" she whispered.

But Roger Kingdom did not move. The faint tinkle of a drawn curtain sounded instead, and a little old woman, with placid blue eyes came, leaning heavily upon a stick, into the room.

"Roger, boy!" said the little mother.

She went quickly across and put a hand on Kingdom's shoulder. It made him raise his head and look over her frail little person at Beth. Their eyes met and held each with their own anguish.

"If you tell him he is lying," Beth said steadily, "I shall believe you. Lucian always was a good liar."

Victoria Kingdom turned and looked at her. The infinite pity in her glance turned Beth dumb. Then, quite abruptly, the old woman, hobbled over the carpet and shook her stick at Lucian Burke.

"Get out, my man!" she said crisply. "Before my son comes round and leathers you to pulvice powder."

Very coolly she poked Burke in the back with her stick as he obeyed her involuntarily. But for that, perhaps, he would have gone across to Beth and spoken to her, still keeping the level balance of his manner. But a manservant stood in the doorway waiting for him to pass through and Victoria Kingdom's finger was pointing—definitely, with the devastating disregard of drama and the conventions for which she was famous.

Neither Kingdom nor Beth saw Lucian Burke go. They were close to each other, yet apart.

"You won't say it?" said Beth, slowly. "You won't say what I want you to say?"

"I can't," Kingdom said.

"Then it is true? This—this Silent Woman is your wife?" Beth knew that she ought to be hiding her face in her hands beneath the blow. Perhaps her mother, at her age, would have fainted. But she had the misfortune to be a modern woman. She only felt horribly alive—alive and yet dead.

Kingdom smiled and to Beth it was more terrible than if he had dropped on his knees before her.

"I thought she was dead. For years I thought she was dead. She was supposed to have died in an accident. It was Coniston—your father—who told me she was alive. But even then, she was under sentence of death, and I thought—what could I but think? She was reprieved, but it was too late. I loved you too much. I tried to keep away from you. I meant to give up hope. But I loved you too much. I took the risk, at last, like a madman. I thought no one who could be dangerous would ever know. I underestimated Burke. It was my fault."

"You would have never told me?"

"Never."

Beth nodded mechanically.

"I understand that. Yet, some way, I think I should have made you. There would have been nothing in your life that wasn't mine—or in mine that wasn't yours. And it would not have mattered—afterwards. Lucian knew how to time his blow, didn't he?"

"Beth dear!"

It was like a cry that came from him. There had been an invisible barrier between them in those first few stunning moments, but they were over it. He had touched her, when they saw that Victoria Kingdom had come between them, her mouth quivering. Her arm went gently round Beth and drew her away.

"No—" Beth swayed back—"of course not. I must go. Tell me. Was—was Stella wicked, Roger?"

Kingdom stared at her heavily.

"I suppose she was. She ran away from me. But that might have been my fault. I seem to be a blundering type where women are concerned. Some men are, and they're the sort who suffer. The whirlpool was too strong for her, as I thought it might be for you, Beth. The same man, too." His face was wet as though he struggled, chained and helpless. "She wasn't wicked when she was in prison. She'd suffered too much, and washed out her sins. She wanted to die, so that I could be happy with another woman—"

He paused calmly, exhaustedly. It was as though he was old and broken.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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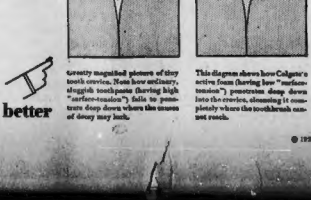

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Mushrooms in the Modern Manner

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

FOOD growers generally keep pace with consumers' tastes and demands. This is seen no more clearly than in the growing of mushrooms commercially, which is an industry of quite vast proportions among food producers. "Mushrooms are vegetables," for those who don't know, and they consist of about 3 per cent of protein, and 3 per cent of starch, with a probable 94 per cent of pure flavor! That is why mushrooms have ever been considered an epicure dish, fit for kings originally, then cardinals, and latterly, just mere folks. For mushrooms today are out of the class of luxury foods, and can quite well be estimated as moderate-priced food staples.

The expert may, if he dare, discover and pick his choice pet varieties on the damp meadows or shady woodpaths, but Mrs. Housewife will much more wisely choose the familiar button or standard mushroom which she finds displayed in small baskets at her grocer's or fruiterer's. While mushrooms have no open season, still, they are of special interest in late autumn, just before the housewife turns her attention to the heavier meats of winter cookery. Mushrooms are meats, too, if flavor is the main consideration, which it is. People buy mushrooms usually because of the flavor, and possibly since they are one of the easiest dishes to prepare in the kitchenette household, or in connection with the electric table utility.

In whatever recipe mushrooms are used, these cooking rules should never be forgotten; never cook on too hot a flame, nor for too long a time. If these warnings are forgotten, the delicate, fibrous texture becomes tough and corky. Thus mushrooms are especially adapted for all quick cooking, and hand-to-mouth cooking as it were, so widely practiced by the business woman housewife, and the twosome household.

Since mushrooms have no waste, they are more economical than would seem, when compared with other raw products which have bone, gristle, leaves and other waste to discard. Pound per pound, they are as cheap as roundsteak or the monotonous hamburg balls. Their flavor raises them into the epicure class, and a company dish, even when most simply prepared.

Old cookbooks say to always use a silver knife when peeling the papery skin, because mushrooms do have alkaloids and are affecting to metals. Enamel utensils are ideal for their cooking, or glassware. Who does not recall the French cepes served in tricky, jolly little pottery casseroles, as the most perfect dish of mushrooms, modernes?

I think I must tell my mushroom story of how, when in France last year, I was invited to attend a gastronomic feast at Lyons, where six cooks competed for culinary honors before a gathering of some 400 epicures, chiefly men. The feast had a dozen courses, of which I think the fifth was this wonderful dish of mushrooms. When the plate was passed me, I saw upturned mushroom caps, each as large as the diameter of a teacup, and four in number. They were laid simply and without garnish on my plate. But the hollow cup was filled with a purplish liquor or gravy or sauce, sprinkled with minced parsley. But after one mouthful I decided that I would eat nothing else in order to remember that divine, that marvelous mushroom flavor. I was so enthusiastic that I turned to my host, one of the directors of the feast, and expressed my unbounded enthusiasm. He, delighted, requested the waiter for a second portion, and then said that he would have introduced to me the man cook who made the mushrooms.

And shortly after, as the band stirringly played the Marseillaise, and as the six cooks, in resplendent white coats and caps marched before the applauding crowd, my host rushed to grab an elderly, red-faced cook, with long white mustache, and almost catapulting him into my arms, said to me, commandingly, "Ah, Madame Frederick, here is the cook who made your mushrooms. You must kiss him!" And there, in front of that gay and laughing crowd I did quite enthusiastically "kiss the cook!" And I would do it again for anyone who could make mushrooms so divine. And while he told me exactly how he made the sauce, and considered it nothing at all, of course I have never been able to duplicate it.

Mushrooms are such an interesting food that it pays the hostess to learn a little more about their cookery. While creamed mushrooms are of course delicious, they have become overly common, and are often altogether too pasty. The use of grapejuice, and other fruitjuices, in small amounts, is a newer way to make the liquor or supporting gravy for mushrooms. Their flavor may be extended by using meat extract or a couple of bouillon cubes with the water with which they may be cooked or prepared. If a milk must be used, let it not be milk but rather cream, which has a totally different consistency and result than any milk and butter combination. Evaporated milk, however, is particularly adapted to all mushroom cooking.

If the kitchen boasts an electric broiler, here is a simple but epicurean manner in which to prepare this bonne bouche. Butter the grids of the broiler, lay the peeled caps on the heated grids, and turn on the current. About two minutes should be sufficient to bring them to a luscious perfection. The addition of a drop of Worcestershire, a drop of catsup, and a suspicion of minced parsely, will not detract from their own flavor, but rather enhance it.

Mushroom soup is a guest soup which many more hostesses should prepare. It is very easy to make, and its deliciousness far outdistances chicken, tomato or the usual standardized offerings. It is a cream soup made with the strong liquor resulting from stewing mushrooms 30 minutes in water. It is so simple, and withal so unusual, that it deserves a special place in the housewife's filing cookbook.

For the more elaborate or company dinner mushrooms form an ideal entree. They can be combined in pâte form, with sweetbreads or in different forms of pastry. For example, a mushroom pie or pastry, is a dish divine, liked by all men, easy to prepare, and not expensive. What more could one ask?

The continual serving on toast is monotonous, and the various pie or pastry forms are most interesting and new. When combined with a substantial crust, and possibly some sweetbreads, the dish is really hearty as well as glorified. Another suggestive warning: never use any fat but pure fresh butter, if you would have your mushrooms unusual. And not much is required, if the mushrooms are cooked on a low fire, and covered. This helps extract their juice, keeps the fiber tender, as well as conserving flavor. Add a few mushroom dishes to your recipe standbys, and plan a weekly mushroom day, now when they are in the flood tide of profusion and cheapness.

Sweetbread and Mushroom Pie—Prepare sweetbreads by parboiling in acidulated water, removing skin and tubes and cooling. Cut in dice. To every 2 cups of diced sweetbreads allow ¾ cup of cut mushrooms, lightly simmered. Combine with 1½ cups of genuine cream sauce, 1 beaten egg yolk, ½ teaspoon minced parsley, salt and pepper. Combine all ingredients, mix well, and turn into a buttered shallow glass casserole. Cover with a flaky puff paste and bake in a quick oven. This may be made individually in small fancy ramkins or casseroles and is substantial enough for a main dish at the guest luncheon, or an entree at dinner.

Italian Rice and Mushrooms—Wash 1 cup rice and fry it in 2 tablespoons butter or olive oil. Cook covered, o. low fire, until it is brown and dry, adding enough water to keep from sticking. Saute 3 cups of mushroom caps in 2 tablespoons butter or oil, add ¼ cup finely diced celery, 4 tablespoons minced onion, 4 tablespoons tomato catsup, and 2 tablespoons minced parsley. When mushrooms and other ingredients are brown and seasoned, combine with rice. Turn into serving casserole and garnish with minced parsley. This is a practical, inexpensive home dish.

Mushroom Club Sandwich—Allow 2 slices toast, ½ cup mushroom caps, 2 thin slices bacon, for each portion. Saute the mushrooms in the bacon fat after it is cooked thin and crisp. Have toast hot and buttered, cover with lettuce leaf dipped in chili sauce, add cooked mushrooms, cover with sliced bacon and top slice of toast. Serve immediately very hot.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Pears, Whole Grain Cereal, Broiled Potato Cakes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Prunes or Apple Sauce, Corned Beef Hash, Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Raw Potato Pancakes, Coffee.	Steamed Rice, Glazed Apples, Fried Eggs, Creamed Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.	Figs, Ice Cereal, Small Sausage Balls, Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Baked Potatoes, Graham Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Split Pea Soup, Salmon Timbales, Egg Sauce, Muffins, Jumbles, Tea.	Italian Soup, German Coffee Cake, Tea.	Clam Broth, Jellied Vegetable Salad, Sweet Potato Pie.	Baked Macaroni with Cheese, Graham Bread, Stewed Fruit.	Vegetable Soup, Corn Sticks, Celery.	Assorted Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Banana Shortcake, Tea.	Roast Chicken, Cream Gravy, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Creamed Celery, Corn Fritters, Cranberry Jelly, Fruit Whip, Ice Box Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Beef Balls in Casserole, Cabbage and Grated Carrot Salad, Orange Jelly, Delicate Cake.	Roast Pork, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Buttered Spinach, Green Tomato Pickles, Apple Roly Poly.	Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Cold Pork (Sliced Thin), Stewed Corn with Green Peppers, Heart Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Charlotte Russe.	Paprika Potatoes, Stuffed Egg Plant, Savory Tomatoes, Pineapple and Banana Salad, Beaten Biscuits, Coffee or Substitute.	Fried Oysters with Celery and Cabbage Salad, Fruit Gelatin, Whipped Cream, Half Cups Coffee.	Maitre d'Hotel Sauce, Buttered Cauliflower, Piccalilli, Stewed Fruit, Cookies.	Bread Crumb Omelet, Toast, Junket with Whipped Cream and Sifted Powdered Caramel.

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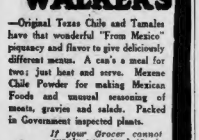

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A STYLISH FROCK (6602). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4¾ yards of material 39 inches wide. For contrasting material, ¼ yard will be required, cut crosswise.

A GOOD MODEL FOR THE WOMAN OF MATURE FIGURE (6133). The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 44-inch size will require 4⅝ yards of 35-inch material, together with 1⅛ yards of contrasting material for facing on vestee and collar and underfacing on the drapery.

A COMFORTABLE, PROTECTIVE GARMENT (6598). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size of one material will require 4 yards 36 inches wide. For collar facings, pockets and cuffs of contrasting material, ⅝ yard is required, cut crosswise.

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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
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BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

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Send 10c in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1929-30 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

SYMBOLS of SYMMETRY for Fall

. . . whereby is insured the success of your new ensembles . . . Silkenese by Vanity Fair, of pure silk reinforced with Bemberg . . . not a line but adds to beauty of form . . . not a style but enhances youthful charm . . . wear resisting and launders like new . . .

VEST, $2.00 BANDEE BLOOMER, $3.00
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SILK MILLS
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SEND THE COUPON Accept 3-Day Test—It May End For You The Restless Nights That Wreck Nerves and Health

You Fall Asleep
Instantly You Go To Bed—*This New Way*

Now an Utterly DRUGLESS *Way to Instant Sleep—Boundless Energy the Next Day*

You fall asleep almost as soon as you go to bed. And all the next day teem with new energy and "pep." You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine: a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

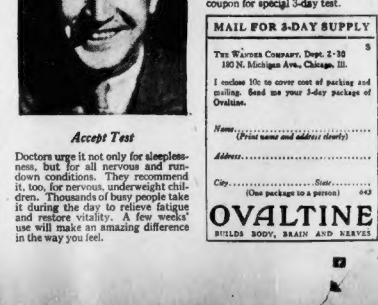
Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine resupplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread over 56 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.



Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain today at any drug or grocery store—or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 2-32
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....State.....
(One package to a person) 643

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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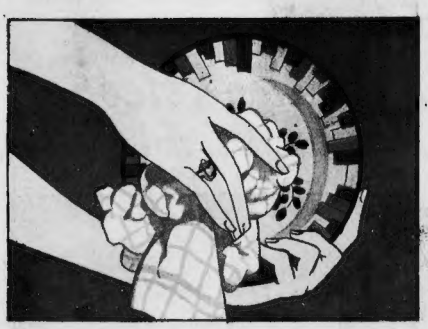
"Honestly," Bob said to me while he held fast to Peggy's hands, "you've made me feel a lot happier by telling Peggy to use Ivory in her housework. For I have hated to think that these hands are going to have to do the cleaning. They're rather precious to me! Even if we can't afford a maid, I want them to *look* as if we had one!"

When Peggy asked me how to clean the paint . . .

she learned how to protect her hands



As a wedding gift, Peggy received a gay set of modern china . . . and green glass which makes the water look so cool. She says that right in the kitchen she's going to keep a box of Ivory Flakes. So dishwashing and cleaning will then be as kind to her hands as any Ivory bath.

You should have seen Peggy's round eyes! "You mean you wash the baby's rompers and your soiled house frocks in Ivory suds . . exactly as if they were fine silk things?" she asked. So I explained to her that these pretty new table-linens, which are the pride of her household trousseau, need a soap as gentle to their colors as Ivory is to her hands.

Since my young brother has brought his new bride to visit us, I've been discovering what fun it is to have a sister.

Peggy is a darling slip of a thing . . . doesn't know much about housework . . . and follows everything I do with such glowing attentiveness that I feel tremendously flattered.

She's always wanting to help. So yesterday I told her she could wipe the fingermarks off the white doors, and clean the window sills. She hesitated for a moment—and then she added, "But where is some good strong soap? I never see you using anything but Ivory. And that's . . . why that's *baby soap*."

For answer, I showed her my hands. "What do you think of them?"

"Oh, I think they are perfectly scrumptious," she flushed, "I noticed them at your party yesterday. I knew all they had done in the morning . . . yet they looked so cool and luxurious . . . much nicer than most of the other women's hands—"

"Here, here," I laughed, "I wasn't fishing for compliments. I was just trying to show you what using Ivory does for one pair of hands. If I used a strong soap, my hands would be wrecks—"

I told her how strong soaps were just as hard on household things as they would be on my hands.

"Ivory washes the paint without taking the finish off," I said, "and it cleans my house frocks and colored things without fading them. Why, when you start buying things for your new home, just ask . . . you'll discover that people who sell linoleums and enameled refrigerators will warn you against using kitchen soaps. They specify Ivory because it does hard work in a gentle way."

Just then Bob came in . . . "What's the confab about?"

"I've just decided," said Peggy, "that I want to keep my hands smooth even if I have promised to keep a nice clean home for you. And you mustn't lecture me when you discover I'm paying a few cents more for Ivory Soap. While it's keeping my hands pretty, sir, it's going to protect the color in your soft shirts."

"There's only one thing wrong in your argument," said Bob solemnly, "these are really *my* hands now. So I *command* you to keep them soft so that I shall continue to enjoy holding them!"

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Should you like a *free* little book answering questions like these: "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Simply send a post card asking for "The Art of Being Charming"—and address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. 56-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches

99 44/100% Pure
"It floats"